

FAMOUS

# MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

EXCLUSIVE!

LOST  
ED WOOD  
MONSTERPIECE!

ALL ABOUT  
FM-CON '93

BLACKY  
LAGOON  
RETURNS!

INSIDE  
ACKERMAN!

VINCENT  
PRICE  
UNMASKED





I'm getting sentimental over you. Christopher Lee as the bloodthirsty Count Dracula.

# R.I.P.

(READER IN PERIL!)



**O**ctober! The wild, the eerie month is here. Thus spoke Ray Bradbury over 50 years ago before he had given the world his famous films like *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* and *SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES*.

Ray Bradbury, now a world-renowned elder statesman of *futura fantasia*, is a fan of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* today as he was when the first issue was published in 1958. Who among our current readers may be another Bradbury? Or Stephen King? (who sent us his first story when he was 14). Or John Landis? Or Joe Dante? Or Rick Baker?

*FAMOUS MONSTERS* is a youth-oriented imagi-movie magazine dedicated to getting you teenagers back into the libraries to read *"Dracula"* and *"The Lost World"* and *"The Phantom of the Opera"*, to guide you into the video stores to discover scores of classic films of the fantastic from *DR. CYCLOPS* to *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*, from *HOUSE OF DRACULA* to *HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL*, from *THE INVISIBLE MAN* to *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*. Believe it or not, there were fabulous films

before Freddy and "The Slasher Onion that Brought Tears to Jason's Eyes". You might be surprised how scary a bloodless horror film in black & white can be. How exciting are such actors as Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre, names with which you may not be familiar, long dead but alive & well in these pages. It is never too late to discover *THE MUMMY*, *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*, *NOSFERATU* (fabulous vampire) and scores more scares buried in the past and brought back to life to thrill you & chill you.

But *FAMOUS MONSTERS* is not all past history. The editor, through 35 years of association with the monster makers of Horrorwood, has an inside track on future fright films such as *PUMPKINHEAD II*, *FRANKENSTEIN* and TV's Van Vogt Sci-Fi Theater of the Air. You'll read all about them here.

But, should you continue, be forewarned- you are in grave danger! Are you brave enough to be that of as weird and monstrous by the mundane world because you love (gasp) old films?!

—Dr. Acula

A black and white photograph of a woman, Queen Loulou (Joyzelle) of Mars, in an elaborate 1930s sci-fi costume. She has a large, dark, feathered headdress with a central spike. Her face is pale with dark eye makeup. She wears a dark, form-fitting top with large, metallic, wing-like or fin-like structures extending from her shoulders. The background is dark and out of focus.

Queen Loulou (Joyzelle) of Mars in the 1930 Fox extravaganza **JUST IMAGINE**, a long lost scientifiilm which fortunately has surfaced in recent years to bring laughter to a new generation. Alex Gordon, Kevin Burns and Greg Theakston have been instrumental in bringing it forth in video and still form to the public. Grateful, guys!

# FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

Published by DYNACOMM  
Roy Perry, President

Beware the face of the stranger... the face behind the MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH! In this chilling portrait of the immortal Vincent Price from A.I.P.'s 1955 classic as depicted by the Dean of SF Artists FRANK KELLY FREAS. (You can own a collector's edition copy of this great cover! See page 5)



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FALL, 1993 Number 201

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**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**  
Number 201 Published quarterly by Dynacomm,  
Editorial and Advertising: 4000 W. P.O. Box 9099,  
Los Angeles, CA 91609 Telephone: (213) 754-  
9400 Fax: (213) 754-1623

Printed in U.S.A. Entire contents copyright 1993 by  
Dynacomm

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**CONTRIBUTORS & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:**  
Vincent Price photos, Lucy Chase Williams Collection, Oscar White plays and commentary, Lucy Chase Williams, FM-Con photos, Tom Elderidge, Torrey O'Neil, Vincent Price article Ronald V. Bonst, Ed Wood material, Mark Casanova

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# FAMOUS MONSTERS NEWS NICK

Nook? NOOK?!! A niche would be a palace compared to this! All I did was ask the editor if he could spare a little room for some announcements! What-a-guy!

Anyway, with this issue we're introducing a new look to an old friend. Same design, same great features but a new paper stock that will let us bring you all Fory's claw picked photos in all their juicy detail. You'll find a brand new issue of FM at your favorite newsstand every other month. And if your dealer doesn't carry FM, then howl about it! Watch for a series of early edition reprints of your favorite screamag and some special editions as well in between the new issues.

And finally my heartfelt thanks to Ray Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen, Richard Matheson, William Schallert, Curt Siodmak, John Agar, Gloria Stuart, Carroll Borland, Zachary, Noel Neil, Ann Robinson, Frank & Laura Kelly Freas, Jim & Kathy Danforth, Wall Daugherty, Robert Bloch, Bobbie Deesse, Brinke Stevens, Bill & Tamiela Malone, Sara Karloff Sparkman, Bela Lugosi, Jr., Dwight Frye, Jr., Ron Chaney, Julius Schwartz and Basil Gogos for their relentless enthusiasm and cooperation in making the FAMOUS MONSTERS CON such a huge success.



**Ray Fory**  
Publisher

(in search of a more generous editor)



THIS ISSUE is dedicated to JIM MARCINKOWSKI for his voluntary assistance above and beyond the cowl of duty during the FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION.

#### A "NACK" OF MAKING ME LAFF

Fory got a big laugh out of the tee shirt made for my son Michael to wear at the FM Con. Here's a picture of him so the laugh can be shared with FM's thousands of readers.

**DOUGLAS WHITENACK**  
Eatontown NJ

#### DREAM COME TRUE

The return of FM is a dream come true for monster lovers all around the world. The overall look of the new magazine is quite sensational. I discovered FM with issue #5, Nov. 1959, featuring Albert Nuezzell's famous cover portrait of Lugosi from ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

#### WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



**MICHAEL WHITENACK**

and have bought and read every issue since. I took great pleasure in reading the 200th issue. Kim Freas did a bangup job on the cover; it was amazing how Fory was transformed into

#### WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



**JIM MARCINKOWSKI**

Renfield (It was done in three stages—first Ray Fory & Gene Reynolds made me up and photographed me [Actually, Fory already existed—nobody could make him up!—pub.], then Fory digitized my image and computer-combined it with a scan of the Renfield face from FM #18 to create a composite, then Mr. Freas painted my portrait—4E) The articles & anecdotes on the careers of Lugosi, Karloff, both Chaney's, Harryhausen and the Ackerman himself were, to say the least, a sight for "gore" eyes. "What Price Glory" by Ron Borst was good reading. I literally grew up at the old movie houses watching Vincent Price in the AIP Edgar Allan Poe films of the 60s.

**ROGER HILL**  
Wichita KS

• Oh, you weren't supposed to grow up, Roger! At 77 I'm still acting like a 17-year-old. -4E

#### BEAST MAN AT THE WEDDING?

You all did a marvelous job at the FM Convention. We had a wonderful time and our mutual love for FM fused our decision to get married in December of this year. It's a match made in horror!

Alexandria VA

• Heavens! To think I did all that, and may I add "not in a shy way". No, oh no, not me—I did it sci-fi way! Congratulations and may you live happily ever after. -4E

**HE WAS A TEENAGE CHILD HOOD FAMOUS MONSTERS** is a fond memory of my childhood and I noticed I wasn't the only one getting emotional at the unveiling of issue #200. Reading the issue reminded me so much of my childhood that I cannot really put it into words. The issue is perfect. Don't change a thing.

DAVID RAIN  
Louisville KY

• David, but if we don't change a thing, we'll just keep publishing the contents of #200 over & over. We hope you like the different contents in #201. And wait 'til you see #202! -4E

**THIS MAKES IT ALL WORTHWHILE** In 1972 I was a 9-year-old (the same age I was when I discovered *Amazing Stories* and "scientification"—4E) with a pair of thick glasses and a permanent case of hay fever—so I spent a lot of time hanging around drugstores, waiting for my various prescriptions to be filled. I discovered my first issue of FM at Bronner's Pharmacy in Orange, New Jersey, that year and remained one of the faithful till the end.

I've lost a lot of things in my life, lost them or saw them stolen or given them away. But not my **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. I wouldn't trade those ragged, cutup, (sometimes) coverless issues of "Forry's Folly" for anything—not even mint copies from Captain Company's warehouse. You see, they are a part of me. Weathered, dog-eared, faded and treasured, they are a piece of childhood that you can hold in your hands.

And they healed me.

It wasn't all those trips to the doctor, not the shots and pills and syrups from Bronner's. It was the very rare medicine that I found on the magazine rack that worked the cure. A strong dose of fantasy, administered monthly, cured my ills and made me proud to be different.

Thank you for the tears. I was surprised to feel them welling up when Ray Harryhausen stepped onto the stage at FM Con—surprised and delighted. I felt them flowing again when my hero Ray Bradbury shared an hour with us. As I turned and look down the row of seats next to me I saw my friends—the best friends I have in this world—and they were all crying too. Tears of joy.

And thank you, most of all, for the award. My model, "The Monster Prepares", won first prize at the show. You've no idea how I felt when I heard—it brought my life around full circle. One

of the first back issues I ever ordered was #32, the Aurora Customizing Contest winners issue. I used to sit and stare at those photos and wish I had somehow been able to take part in that wonderful event. I wanted to be a Master Monster Maker—and now I am.

Bronner's Pharmacy has vanished, **FAMOUS MONSTERS** has risen from the grave. Here's to a new world of gods & monsters!

PS: Extra thanks to Walt Daugherty, who made my friends and me feel so welcome!

DAVID L. CONOVER  
Louisville KY

• Well, David, el Con may be over, but there's no need to memorialize it in your last name! Another is being planned for next year. By the way, is there any truth to the rumor the proprietor of that store was Yui Bronner,

WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



INGRID HAYES

the berserk robot of **WESTWORLD**? I've no children of my own but glad to have been of help to you when you were a kid. -4E

**THEY MADE HIM SAY "UNCLE"**

What a treat: to meet Bradbury & Harryhausen & Bloch! I've been reading FM since the cradle and it was like spending a weekend with uncles I had never met before. They are three of the sweetest men you could hope to meet. (Except, maybe, in a dark alley somewhere.)

And, of course, The Ackermonger. I had met him years ago at the Famous Monsters Cons of 1973-74, when I was just a little shaver. (I always made people nervous handling that razor!)

BOB MADISON  
NYC

• You know why Obi-wan Kenobi had that beard, don't you? Because he lost his laser blade. (Should I be

ashamed to admit it? Don't get me started on Darth Vader's sister Ella Vader or his brother the Hack, Tack Vader, first cousin to Hack-the-Knife).

**A SURVIVOR OF "HA-RUH" TRASH**

To me the most interesting thing about FM200 was, unquestionably, the rather poignant letter by DN from NYC. I thought it was an extremely moving confessional and I wonder how many readers related to it? I know I did.

My parents weren't as extreme as DN's. They disapproved of my collection of monster magazines, pulp paperbacks and comicbooks, but at least they didn't prevent me from buying them.

Horror films, sadly, were a different matter. I completely missed out on the Hammer horrors and most of the AIP Poe films. Instead, I was dragged to see "decent, wholesome family" drack. Consequently today movies stamped with promotional ballyhoo such as "Heartwarming fun for the whole family" pretty much affect me the way garlic affected Dracula; i.e., I stay away.

My mother was especially revolted by my tastes for more grim fare. A too often heard jeremiad from her lips went something like, "With all of the beautiful things in the world, in life, why are you interested in horror?" Or, more accurately, "ha-ruh": Ma was from The Bronx.

No, my mother simply couldn't comprehend how anyone, let alone a child of hers, could be fascinated by stuff such as Christopher Lee being impaled by a wooden stake and crumbling into dust. All she saw was the violence. She wasn't captivated by the sheer wonder & magic of the special effects and makeup wizardry involved in his demise. All she saw was the blood.

In fact, Mom was so annoyed by my preoccupation she frequently "threatened" to take me to a psychologist for analysis to find out what was "wrong" with me. You see, I had few friends, showed little interest in girls, was extremely introverted, was fascinated in "ha-ruh". (Two out of your four symptoms describe me as a teenager. I was more fascinated by science fiction than horror altho I delighted in Lon Chaney's monsters, THE TERROR, THE CAT & THE CANARY, THE MAN WHO LAUGHS, et al, and I was interested in girls but never evidenced it because I was too shy.) Is there a horror/sci-fi/fantasy type or what? (Somebody out there, please do a serious biological/psychoanalytical study of the average horror/sci-fi/fantasy fan and find out if we're all genetically predisposed to be socially retarded, arrested adolescent nerds with overactive sweat glands, a tendency toward either extreme endomorphy or ectomorphy, and hair-styles from Hell!) (p patterned my Warren style after the suave actor Warren

William of the 30s & 40s—see THE WOLF MAN—and have never deviated to this day. 4E)

Anyway, one day Mother caught me reading Eerie magazine. "I thought I told you to stop buying that trash," she spat, about to snatch it from out of my hand. "But, they printed my story!" I proudly retorted, thrusting the magazine into her face. She read the brief masterpiece I'd submitted—and lo & behold, was transformed. "My son, the writer!" she exulted. Thereafter, I was, more or less, left alone to indulge my passion for "ha-ruh".

However, today, 20 years later, I too am emotionally distant from my parents, and am content to be so. Like DN's parents, mine couldn't let "kids be themselves". Unfortunately they're not alone. Re: JURASSIC PARK I am now hearing on the radio and seeing on the television interviews with hand-wringing parents, tongue-clucking clinical psychologists and the Barney brigade all of who are railing against the movie because of its violence and because it "terrorizes" children. "Don't let your children see it!" they yowl, as the ghost of Dr. Frederic Wertham (the anti-comics crusader of yesteryear) cackles somewhere (probably on that paved road to Hell) in triumphant glee. O saints, preserve the children from those who know what's best for them.

Re the rest of FM 200, to be perfectly frank: "monster mags" have progressed significantly since the golden day of FM. Numerous modern publications are light-years in sophistication (as are their readers) beyond FM, whose predominant audience was always under the voting age. Which forces me to ask the uncomfortable question: Is there still a place for FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND today? Man, I sure hope so. But, I just don't know how many kids today know about, or even care to know about, stars like the Channeys, Karloff and Lugosi. Each generation has its own tastes, its own classics, its own heroes. Baby, she likes Leatherface; Daddy loves King Kong. (A previous writer, Bob Madison, concluded "the classic film monsters Lugosi & Karloff and the Channeys shall not die!" When the first issue of FM was presented to an unknown readership, Lon Chaney Sr. had already been dead for over a quarter of a century and silent films were long a curiosity of the past. What—you mean movies hadn't always talked? But there was a great backlog of Karloffs and Borsis still had approximately 17 roles to play, and I had the opportunity to introduce a young generation to the movie magic of THE LOST WORLD, METROPOLIS, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, JUST IMAGINE, KING KONG, THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, WOMAN IN THE MOON, THE

BAT, THE INVISIBLE MAN, DR. CYCLOPS, MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, MAD LOVE, THE DEVIL DOLL, and dozens of other imagi-movies at that time unavailable on videocassettes. AELITA, THE YOUNG DIANA, THE WIZARD, THE MAGICIAN, THE MONKEY'S PAW, NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS, MYSTERY OF LIFE, HIGH TREASON and other titles may be just as obscure and unknown to today's young fans of fantasy as they were to their fathers & mothers 35 years ago when FM was born. After I'm gone, who will be left to tell of

WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



DAVE HANSON

these films firsthand? I conceive it as my duty as long as my memories last and my energies allow me, to keep alive the lure & lore of these unusual movies, to motivate a new generation of imagi-movie fans to invade video shops in search of THE HAUNTING, THE INNOCENTS, THE INVISIBLE RAY, THE RAVEN, THE BLACK CAT, THE THING, THIS ISLAND EARTH, FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, THE UNHOLY THREE, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE UNINVITED, ROSEMARY'S BABY, THE SCOUNDREL, CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, DEAD OF NIGHT and the rich heritage of fantasy, horror & sci-fi films that, once buried in the past, are now being brought back to light & life via videocassettes. Al Jolson ruled the radio waves and singing screen for decades as "The World's Greatest Entertainer". Then there came a time when critics said he was all washed up, that his style was old-fashioned, that no one

wanted to listen to him any more. Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn and Marlene Dietrich were once labeled "box-office poison" but all made remarkable comebacks—as did Jolson. Once his life story reached the screen his "passe personality" shone anew and they couldn't press recordings fast enough to satisfy the demand for him singing "April Showers", "Rock-a-bye Your Baby", "Golden Gate", "California, Here I Come" and scores of his hits from the 20s & 30s. The Crosby/Sinatra/Presley fans were not too sophisticated for the jazz hits of Jolie. Fortunately, I have a publisher who believes today's preteens & teenagers are not too bloodbath blasé to be turned on to the fantasy film fundamentals which are the mainstay of our pages. Time will tell, won't it? If FM proves a financial failure, it will be a great disappointment to Forry & Ferry but we will have given it that old college try. We hope you original core of readers will make it a sacred duty to introduce a copy to your own children, to young cousins, nephews, neighborhood kids (with hopefully enlightened parents), in effect any young boys & girls you think might appreciate today's FM as you did in your youth. At a time I should be relaxing, taking it easy, enjoying my senior citizenship, I'm devoting long hours to editing once again. I'm no longer 42 like I was when I started but the ole "spirit of '76" is there as I turn 77 on 24 November this year. So don't send me a tie for my birthday—buy a copy of this issue for some young person who needs an incentive to read, that's what I please Uncle Forry most, and hopefully we can beat the jinx that the author of this excellent letter feels might do us in. See the following letter.— 4E)

Criticism aside, I've ordered my subscription and hope FM survives for another 200 issues and beyond. (You want a 112-year-old editor? In the year 2028? --4E) Only, please be accurate in your articles. I'm referring to the profile on Lon Chaney Jr., which contained two glaring untruths. C'mon, you know very well Lon did not receive nor was he even nominated for an Oscar for his role as Lenny in OF MICE AND MEN. (No, I honestly have believed till you just corrected me that Lenny was his finest hour and he was accordingly rewarded by the Academy. Well, in an alternate—and better—universe, he should have been at least nominated, even if Robert Donat, as you say, received the award for his performance in GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS. I'm sorry to be disenchanted but appreciate your calling the error to my attention. 4E) And I know you know Chaney Jr. passed away on Thurs (CONTINUED ON PAGE 88.....)



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Here's your chance to own a special edition print of the fabulous painting featured on this issue's cover. This striking portrait by master fantasy illustrator Frank Kelly Freas of the Merchant of Menace— Vincent Price—a tribute to his chilling performance in Roger Corman's production of Edgar Allan Poe's **THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH!**

Freas is known as the Dean of Science Fiction Artists. One look into the incredible detail and subtleties of color in this magnificent painting and you'll know why! This haunting portrait will make a great conversation piece. Your friends won't be able to look away from it! The more you stare, the more you see! But be careful—the death you see may be.... well, we've warned you!

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# TAKING STOCK OF WOOD

(or the man who wood be king)

**Editor's Note:** The author of this article is also the producer/director of the vidocumentary **FLYING SAUCERS OVER HOLLYWOOD: THE PLAN 9 COMPANION** (see pg. 95 this issue), Mark (PUMPKINHEAD scripster) Carducci. 4E

## unique distinction

Ed Wood came to Hollywood in 1948, hellbent on becoming another Orson Welles, auteur director of masterpiece CITIZEN KANE. Alas, this was never to be, except perhaps, in reverse. For if Welles was the finest director ever to make a picture, Ed Wood has come, somewhat undeservedly, to be known as the worst.

## hollyweird or bust

Upon his arrival in Tinseltown, all Ed Wood could drum up was acting work in a local theatre troupe. But Wood practiced at filmmaking, making several short subjects that were never completed. It wasn't long before he met a distributor named George Weiss, who was looking for a director to lens an unauthorized exploitation biopic loosely based on the life of early sex-change recipient Christine Jorgenson. Ed sold himself to Weiss. Hard. And got the job. The result, variously known as I CHANGED MY SEX or I LED TWO LIVES or TRANSVESTITE or GLEN OR GLENDA? is a heady brew of documentary-esque strangeness and the first of Wood's films to feature down-on-his-luck horror great Bela Lugosi.



In this never-before-released photo, Edward D. Wood Jr., Criswell (Predicts) and Paul Marco as Kelton "The Cop" pose in between takes on the set of Wood's infamous masterpiece, **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** (1956).



Who was that masked man? Here, in this **FM** exclusive photo, is the portrait of Dr. Tom Mason, Lugosi's Chiropractor, cast by Wood to "stand in" for the departed Bela in **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**. Dr. Tom looked nothing like Lugosi in face or form, something draping his face behind a cape did little to disguise.

## ed and bela, perfect together

In his later years, the film industry had turned its back on poor Bela Lugosi. Incredibly, he almost wasn't even cast as Count Dracula in **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**. Universal Studio execs at the time had assumed he was dead! Ed Wood wanted to change all that, if he could. An ardent fan of Bela's since childhood, Ed had met him through a mutual friend. Ed felt genuinely sorry for the aging Horror King and a friendship blossomed, with Ed soon enthusiastically hatching plans to star Bela in a series of comeback horror films.

Ed followed **GLEN OR GLENDA?** with **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER**, in which Lugosi played a mad scientist with a man-eating giant octopus in a swamp in his backyard. The night time shooting in chilly Griffith Park was a great strain on the aged Lugosi, who actually wrestled in a watery ravine with the huge prop octopus himself. **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** also featured ex-wrestler Tor Johnson, another of the "stock company" Wood was forming as he worked. Tor is, today, the most recognizable "icon" of Wood's films, thanks largely to his immense size and his bald head. Tor the Terrible can also be seen in such films as **THE BLACK SLEEP**, **BEAST OF YUCCA FLATS** and Ed Wood's last horror film, **NIGHT OF THE GHOULS**.

## pan 9

Just as Ed Wood hoped to equal his idol Orson Welles, Ed's most notorious film, **PLAN 9 FROM**

**OUTER SPACE**, was intended as his **CITIZEN KANE**. Over the years **PLAN 9** has come to be referred to as the "Worst Film of All Time", thanks to the Medved Brothers' book **The Golden Turkey Awards**. Fans & critics alike argue endlessly about the deservedness of this moniker. Ed himself, in later years, referred to the unintentionally hilarious cult classic as his "pride and joy".

A tale of aliens who hope to take over the earth by reanimating the dead and unleashing them upon earth's helpless cities, **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** has given tens of thousands of "B" movie huffs hours of jocular joy. Credit the film's numerous (even countless) technical inadequacies, not to mention the oddest cast ever assembled for a horror film.

There was Legendary Lugosi, of course. However, Lugosi appears in **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** despite an amazing handicap: he had actually died before shooting on **PLAN 9** began! How was this accomplished, you ask? Prior to the actor's death, Ed had shot some generic footage of Bela wearing a Dracula cape in a cemetery. Undaunted by Bela's passing, Ed shot additional footage with an unconvincing double (actually Ed's chiropractor, Dr. Tom Mason), and brazenly intercut the two. No one was fooled. Tom Mason looked very little like Lugosi. But Ed's naive and congenial unconcern over such technical issues is a key reason he and his films, especially **PLAN 9**, are remembered so fondly today.

**PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** is also famous for appearances by the 1950s' marceled psychic Criswell, hulking Tor Johnson once again, and last but not least, the svelte & sexy TV horror hostess Vampira. (She of the thinnest waist in the known universe!) The full story of the making of this eye-poppingly inept masterpiece of no-budget filmmaking can be found in a recently produced video called **FLYING SAUCERS OVER HOLLYWOOD: THE PLAN 9 COMPANION**.

## don't knock wood

Ed Wood died in 1978. But his reputation has only continued to grow. A riveting (and harrowing) biography was published last year, "Nightmare of Ecstasy: The Life and Art of Edward D. Wood Jr.". And Kitchen Sink Press not long ago issued a set of Ed Wood Jr. trading cards, illustrated by satiric cartoonist Drew Friedman. Of them, if he were with us today, Tor Johnson would no doubt exclaim, "Drew draw Tor good!" With their release, Woodmania has gone into high gear. Fascination with all things Woodian is scheduled to reach max velocity in 1994, with the release of the major motion picture about his life & strife.

Simply titled **ED WOOD**, this black & white lensed narrative of Wood's peak years on the fringe of Hollywood is being directed by Tim Burton, of **BATMAN**, **BEEBLEJUICE** and **EDWARD SCISSORHANDS** fame. It will be released by Touchstone Pictures. Reputed to sport a budget of \$18,000,000, Burton's film stars the talented Johnny Depp as Ed and **OUTER LIMITS** veteran Martin Landau as Bela Lugosi. The lovingly-written script for the film is built around Ed and Bela's symbiotic relationship, and contains many touching and oddly hilarious sequences. As an added treat, Landau's Lugosi-esque makeup is being created by Oscar-winning **FM** alumnus, Rick Baker, Monstermaker.

There is seemingly endless interest on the public's part in the behind-the-scenes of filmmaking today. Tim Burton's **ED WOOD** will no doubt pique that interest and provide a unique look at Hollywood's poverty row and one of its most infamous, tragically desperate denizens, Edward D. Wood Jr.



Titanic Tor Johnson shows stalwart steward one of the holds that made him famous in the ring. Steward then flew to Egypt to see his Cairo-practor.

FAMOUS MONSTERS EXCLUSIVE!

# A NEVER-BEFORE PUBLISHED SHORT-STORY BY EDWARD D. WOOD JR.!

# GEMENI

He was the "auteur" of the legendary **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**. The scriptor/director of **ORGY OF THE DEAD** and **NIGHT OF THE GHOULS**. The man who befriended Bela Lugosi in the last years of his life and gave the aging actor roles when no one else wanted him. He immortalized Tor Johnson and Maila Nurmi (Vampira). And he asked me to be his agent.

**GEMENI** by Edward D. Wood Jr. is not a story that I would normally ever have published in the pages of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. It is not fantastic, it is only nominally horrifying and it should perhaps be PG rated for the 11 1/2 year old boys who were the Pre-Girl Pro-Ghoul audience **FM** was created for. But it is 40 years later and it has miraculously surfaced and with the advent of 111 minute documentary about Wood (**FLYING SAUCERS OVER HOLLYWOOD**) and fanzine articles concerning him and a projected motion picture of his life (with Bela Lugosi a prominent figure in it) I feel it is sufficient justification to publish this lost manuscript in these pages. Youngsters can ignore it; adults familiar with Wood's fantastic (in more senses of the word than one) films will, I believe, find it fascinating. Incidentally, he establishes early on that the name of the female protagonist is that of the sign of the Zodiac--but he misspelled it from the title through the manuscript, so **GEMENI** it remains.-- FJA

PS: Watch for the appearance of the angora, the Ed Wood trademark.

"**GEMENI**"

By  
Edward D. Wood Jr.

When she died, I cried. I cried like an injured child; like a child who has experienced his first real hurt.

"Gemeni"

That, of course, wasn't a real name. "Gemeni" was the name I had given her in those early days when we met; when neither of us could do wrong. One of those names we used for sweet endearment. A name, however, which foretold her entire character from start to finish.

Funny!

From the first, she told me all about herself. Everything! Perhaps I believed her; perhaps not. When in love we make a pattern in our mind as to what our loved one should be. When we find these fictitious patterns destroyed we either accept it as faith or we turn to destruction [sic]

"Gemeni".

That Zodiac sign under which she was born.  
May 25th.

The conqueror [sic]

But when she had conquered, she had to destroy that which had been conquered---to gain something new--something fresh to conquer.

Money was so all important to my little "Gemeni". So very important.

The beginning had been fun. Together "Gemeni" and I went everywhere. On Friday of the fifth week we



The happy couple on board their honeymoon cruise ship? No, it's Wood alumni wasp-waist Vampira and tub-waist Tor Johnson in the legendary **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**.



Dr. Tom stands in for poor departed Bela Lugosi  
in PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE.

ccame engaged. I gave her a four thousand dollar engagement ring; beautiful like the rays of the sun on a clear day. It was a thrilling experience; my first engagement; even if I have lived thirty years to achieve it.

It was September.  
In May her divorce would be final. In May we would be married.

May was so many months away.  
During our seventh week together my Motion Picture Company went, what I knew to be, temporally in the red. Two weeks more and fresh money would come from New York sources.\* I told her of this. I assured her. I pleaded with her.

"Gemini" couldn't wait.

"A fish in the pan," she said.

Then she was off with someone else. Someone else who had money. Another man with money. Fresh fields to conquer. Men--fresh--with money. She had to do what she had to do--at the time she wanted to do it.

It was on Thursday I received word of my company's temporary problem. Saturday I waited for the telephone to ring. She was to call me in the evening, at six. Our usual Saturday date. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Thursday. Friday. All days of the week we were together. But Saturday had been our religion. Our promise. Our sacred oath to each other. We never missed being together on a Saturday night. We had met on a Saturday night.

Nine o'clock came all to [sic] quickly. At ten I called her apartment. At eleven I called again. Twelve. One. One-thirty. One forty-five. Two. Two-ten. Two Twenty. She telephoned at four.

"I was worried."

"You had no reason to be."

"Where were you."

"Must you know every thing I do."

"With someone else."

"You're broke huddy hoy-I like expensive things and I like expensive places."

"It's Saturday."

"What makes Saturday any different than any other day of the week?"

"Honey we made a ---"

"Look. You're broke. You can't afford me. I'm expensive, darling. Real expensive. I told you that a long time ago. Why don't you take a hint."

"But I'll be back on my feet in just a couple weeks. I'll have more cash than ever before."

"When and if that happens--give me a call. You've got the number."

She slammed the receiver down. Immediately I dialed back her number. She answered but when she heard my voice she slammed down the receiver again.

I got drunk. Two days of it. Two days it lasted. Then the courage of vengeance [sic] entered my every thought. I would wrap her in my vengeance. [sic] I would make more money in a shorter time than she had ever seen in her whole life and when I had that money, sure I'd call her. I'd call her and I would laugh right in her face. I would laugh. How I would laugh.

I made that money. During the next three weeks I horrified and hedged enough through my friends around the industry to open four motion Picture and Television producing companies. One week, later the pictures I wanted to make were financed. At the end of the next week the original company was re-financed. The west-



erns made by that company became an overnight sensation. Two horror features turned out to be money grossing sleepers and a new television series of pictures were accepted by the public with great enthusiasm. In fact, on the television deal I made a five year contract on the series. Five weeks more and my bank account had reached the seven figure mark and steadily growing.

"Gemeni" came to the party at my new penthouse apartment. She had heard of my sudden success almost as soon as I had. I had planned she should. "Gemeni" would always hang to money as a fly to honey. And when she looked into my eyes with those soft piercing eyes and that beautiful face; her hair long and loose over her naked shoulder, all the vengeance [sic] I sought was gone in a flash. There was nothing I could do but take her in my arms and press her shiny [sic] blood-red lips against mine and whisper over and over again... "I love you." "I love you." "I love you."

Success remained. Success was assured me for the future. Success was eminent for our lives, we were married in May; the day after her divorce became final. "Gemeni." May. "Gemeni."

Three weeks. The most wonderful three weeks of my life. I gave her the house and the swimming [sic] pool she wanted. I gave her the car she wanted. She was able to purchase the wardrobe of her choice. I was lounging at our pool when she came to me. She was wearing the angora halter sweater and white shorts with a gold belt I had always liked. With that cunning smile she said "Under the laws of the State of California half of everything you own is mine. And maybe I can figure a little more." Her eyes grew narrow. "My lawyers will contact you tomorrow." Then she turned away and was gone.

It was a tremendous kick in the face; a slap to the teeth; a smash below the belt.

Her soft piercing eyes were now cold piercing eyes; she was like a cobra in a pit of harmless grass snakes. She had no feeling. She had no sense of equal balance. She had conquered. She had to conquer anew. She was "Gemeni".

Her lawyer met me at my pool the next day. Among other things; in case of her death all that was mine would be mine again.

"Gemeni" must die.

She had always wanted a trip to Europe.

"Of course I'd postpone a divorce for a trip like that" was her remark.

It called for a new wardrobe. Her fancy, expensive wardrobe of size nine seemed to increase above capacity nearly overnight.

Our second night out she slipped into a sheer blue nightie and negligee when she finally came back to the cabin. The negligee was tied tightly around her tiny middle by a shiny [sic] blue satin sash.

All evening in the ship's salon she had the roving eye for those white-coated males who prefer to think of themselves as wealthy young hachelors. She had tailed-hopped until I couldn't take it any more. I had left the salon and went to the after deck for a cigarette. As I leaned out over the railing and took a deep inhalation of smoke mixed with the fresh air that rolled so smoothly over the Pacific Ocean, my plan formed. It started when I found myself watching the little round lights as their reflections, like the clean cool air, seemed to roll



The final curtain for Bela. For him, there was no Plan 10.

smoothly over the waters below. Then I realized I had been watching the lights from open portholes on the decks below me.

"Gemeni" came back to our cabin at three a.m. She undressed silently. It wasn't until she came out of the bathroom that I finally spoke. She looked so lovely in that blue thing she was wearing; her skin so bright, her lips so red, her eyes sparkling. She had brushed her hair and it shined in the light. She tended her body so carefully each night. Powder here. Perfume there. Sometimes she took as many as five baths in a day. She was lovely. "Gemeni" could have been referred to as radiant. [sic]

I was seated in a large easy chair. I had been there since I left the deck. I hadn't moved even when she came in. I didn't move as she came out of the bathroom and tossed her brassiere and panties to a chair near her bed. But my eyes didn't leave her either.

"Well?"

Still I remained silent.

"You don't like what I do - do you?"

I moved for the first time. I lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply, realizing what I was about to do and trying to view it carefully. I did not speak.

"I told you in the beginning what I was."

Then I spoke. "Yes - you did."



"Nails and snails and puppy dog tails...." Bela and a dashing looking Ed Wood in a scene from Wood's transvestite opus **GLEN OR GLENDA?** (aka **I CHANGED MY SEX; TRANSVESTITE**)

"Then you have no reason to be angry if I do what I like," she winked broadly, with a weird smile. "I like people. Lots of people."

"You like men. Lots of men."

"I like men. Lots of men. Rich men." She crossed to the bed and after straightening her long flowing negligee, she seated herself. "But no matter how many men I find I always come back to you - sooner or later- don't I?"

I was at her in less time than it takes to put it down. My hands were about her throat. Pressing harder, harder -- harder.

"No. No. I'm not going to kill you this way." Her eyes were wide in horror. I hadn't ever remembered seeing her eyes so wide before. They frightened me for the moment. They seemed to mirror my every action. I did not like that part. After all, I was not proud of what I was doing, but I would not stop. I would not change my mind. "I could choke the life out of you with my bare hands, but I won't. This is no way for a 'Gemeni' to die". She passed out then, from sheer fright.

I tied her hands with the brassiere. I tied her feet with the satin sash. Then I gaged *[sic]* her with the panties, stuffing them, every thred *[sic]* of the beautiful pink nylon into her mouth, down into her throat. Her eyes fluttered open. It took only seconds for her to realize her position. Her eyes were wide again. It was her eyes that told the horror she was feeling.

"My little 'Gemeni'. You told me what you were like. I figured it all wrong. You see, I fell in love with you. Desperately in love with you. Perhaps I even thought it wouldn't matter how many others you went out with as long as you always came back to me. But it

didn't work that way. I found it did matter. It mattered more than I can say. You can't change. It's your character, 'Gemeni.' It's your way. I can't take it your way any longer. And I can't let you go to someone else. Believe me 'Gemeni', the money had nothing to do with it. You could have had anything I own at any time. But I had to go with it - only me - You wanted everything. The money, me, and every man that comes along. So you see 'Gemeni' it has to be this way."

The tears filled my eyes. If I talked much longer I couldn't have gone through with it. She was crying too. Her sobs were muffled by the nylon panties that suppressed the sounds deep within her throat. She twisted her head violently from side to side.

I ripped the negligee and night dress from her body. The sheer material came apart so easily in my fingers but it was strong enough indeed to hold the weights I attached to her slim ankles. It was only her eyes that were able to fight the port hole as her size nine body slipped through. When a girl is size nine she is such a tiny thing. I let the remainder of the torn material of her nightie and negligee drift through the porthole after her.

For over an hour the tears were bot in my eyes. The salt from them circled around my lips. It must have been the same for "Gemeni."

The salt water around her eyes; her lips; filling her mouth; her throat; her lungs. She must have struggled so hard at the panties in her mouth as they quickly became saturated with the Pacific waters. The weights I had taken from the desk earlier, and tied to her legs with satin sash, would drag her straight to the bottom, to be lost forever from this world. But "Gemeni" would



"God had been good to her...she was dead...the monstrous blades had missed her face." Scene suggested by the finale of Bert I. Gordon's **TORMENTED**

never realize when she finally hit bottom. She couldn't have known much after the first few feet down. Salt water. Ocean water is so ugly to taste. My tears tasted just as ugly.

Now she was gone.

The realization hit me as if it had been the fist of a two hundred pound man. "Gemeni" was gone. I had nothing to live for any longer. As long as she was alive I was forced, through love for her, to keep one step ahead of her. Because of "Gemeni" I had made the success of myself that might never have been. Because of "Gemeni" I wanted to live; I had wanted to be a success; a financial success; to prove to her that I could give her anything; more than any one else could have ever given her. Because of "Gemeni" I had wanted to live. To live, to love her. Now she was gone. I had nothing to live for. She was my life. When she died, I died with her.

The ship's motors had been stopped for quite some time. I hadn't noticed it before. I just wanted to die. I was afraid to die the way I had made "Gemeni" die. But I knew I had to die. Then there was the pounding on my state room door. I didn't notice that either. I realized nothing mortal until three big, uniformed men broke the door open. There were a lot of questions shot at me then they yanked me to my feet and I was more dragged than lead through a maze of ship's corridors, finally to enter a small room somewhere below decks.

"Gemeni" lay on a plain wooden table, a twisted mass of blood and flesh, still tied with the brassiere and sash and gaged *[sic]* with her panties. The weights around her feet remained intact. God had been good to

her. He had spared her beautiful face. Her eyes still held their open horror but to me she was as beautiful as ever. But she was dead. "Gemeni" was dead. She had not gone to the bottom, but never-the-less, she was dead. She had been caught in a freak suction from the ship's big screw. It had sucked her, weights and all, directly into the blades. But the monstrous *[sic]* blades had missed her face. When the ship's screw jammed she had been found by the repair crew.

Then they took me away. I had won over "Gemeni" at last - for now we would be together soon -- forever....

THE  
END

"GEMENT"  
by

Edward D. WOOD, Jr.

Apt 2-E  
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Burbank, California

*[publisher's note- In reformatting this manuscript to our column layout, we have attempted to keep intact the author's original paragraphing, spelling and punctuation. It is not our intent to present these errors in ridicule, but rather we believe it will add to the reader's appreciation of the author's mind.]*

# CALLING ALL DR.

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**DR. FRANKENSTEIN, WANTED IN SURGERY!!  
HURRY! THERE'S AN IMPATIENT PATIENT IN THE  
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den opportunity to have some fun and show  
the celuloid surgeons in Horrorwood how to  
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KENSTEIN (if you're one of the 1st place  
winners), or other great prize and a chance to  
SHOW OFF!!!! Just read over the rules on  
the next page and below, then get out your  
mad doctor bag and get to work.... "the storm's  
rising... Hurry, there's no time to lose!"



Pictured on the left is master make-up mae-  
stro of the macabre Jack Pierce, putting the  
final touches on Boris Karloff for the first  
Universal FRANKENSTEIN in 1931. Pierce  
delved into basic criminology, ancient burial  
techniques, brain surgery and his own fertile  
imagination to design the Face that has be-  
come the single most recognizable monster  
of all time. How would YOU visualize Mary  
Shelley's unnatural nightmare? What would  
a face that had been pieced together, bit by  
bit, from bodies taken from "the graves, the  
gallows, anywhere!" look like? Try your  
hand. Send in your design, then look in an  
upcoming FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-  
LAND and see how your concept compares  
with other "mad scientists!"

### CONTEST RULES

You must be an amateur artist to enter.  
Contest is open to all ages. Entries will be  
judged on the basis of originality. You  
don't have to be a wizard artist...just good  
enough to get your ideas across. Winners  
will be notified by phone (or letter if you  
can't be reached by phone) from our Fran-  
kenstein authority, editor FORREST J ACK-  
ERMAN. There are two categories, en-  
trants 16 years of age and under and en-

trants 17 and older. There will be a 1st, 2nd  
and 3rd place winner in each category.  
Each 1st place winner gets a copy of the  
book FRANKENSTEIN from the ACKER-  
MUSEUM COLLECTION, signed to the win-  
ner by the Ackermanster! 2nd place gets a  
copy of the MCA Universal video releases  
of FRANKENSTEIN, BRIDE OF FRAN-  
KENSTEIN and SON OF FRANKENSTEIN! 3rd place winner gets a copy of Forrest J

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a photo of yourself with your entry and,  
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LAND. Enter today. All entries must be  
received no later than December 31st, 1993.

# FRANKENSTEINS!

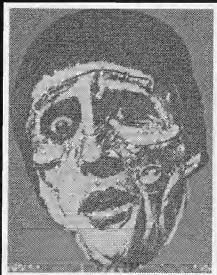
## FANTASTIC AMATEUR MAKE-UP DESIGN CONTEST!

HOW ARE YOU at constructing a monster? Specifically the Frankenstein monster. You've seen numerous interpretations on the silver screen. But have you ever read the book? (We suggest you consult your local library or pick a perennially-in-print copy at your favorite paperback bookseller).

How did the author, herself just a teenage girl at the time, see her creation? Read the description in her own words as she tells of that fateful night when the good doctor first brought life to his unholy creation! Then, let us see YOUR vision!

Show us with a black & white drawing what you think the monster might look like. Don't worry if you don't think you're a very polished artist...Just make your drawing good enough to get YOUR IDEA across! There are TWO CATEGORIES: Junior artists (16 years and under) & Adults (17 years and over.)

You may submit as many different designs as you like, but you must attach a copy of the entry blank below for each different entry. (Multiple views of the SAME design can be sent with one entry form).



Christopher Lee's make-up was entirely different from the Pierce/Karloff design in the Hammer Films production CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1964)

## YOUR MAKE-UP DESIGN COULD WIN!

### FRANKENSTEIN AMATEUR MAKE-UP DESIGN CONTEST ENTRY FORM

PLEASE SEND A COPY OF THIS FORM WITH EACH DIFFERENT ENTRY SUBMITTED. (You may send multiple views of the same design with one form).

I am submitting this entry in the  
☐ Junior category ☐ Adult category

Number of views submitted with entry \_\_\_\_\_  
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Mail this form (or xerox) with your entry to:  
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Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



# GOOD FRIGHT, SWEET PRINCE!

**viva, vincent!**

part II of an appreciation by ronald v. borst

## frequent televisitor

Price has indicated that the main thing in life "is survival and survival is not simply staying alive but a continual effort to grow and to learn and to work" In that, Price has more than practiced what he preached. I am hardly the first to characterize him as a "Renaissance Man" --a man whose expertise is scarcely lim-

ited or confined to his career as an actor. Vincent made up his mind as early as 1946 to do anything the medium television would offer him. The decades since this decision have led to over one thousand appearances on such familiar but divergent programs as "The \$64,000 Challenge" (in which he faced off against Edward G. Robinson; the subject: Art; the results-- they tied!), "The Jack Benny Show", "Alfred Hitchcock Presents", "The Red Skelton Show" the



As a faded horror star trying to make a comeback in "Black Day for Bluebeard" episode of **THE SNOOP SISTERS** (NBC Mystery Movie, 1974)

Vincent comes face-to-face with Cauliflower McPugg on **The Red Skelton Show** (Originally aired June 26, 1962, CBS-TV)



wonderful Egghead on "Batman" and on & on & on. Much of this Price chose to do because of his love and flair for comedy. And in this author's opinion, he was anyone's equal as host on the brilliant PBS anthology series "Mystery!"

## college campus circuit

An admitted workaholic, all of these acting chores failed to keep him active enough so (in 1956) he developed his own lecture series, ranging in subjects from Vincent Van Gogh to highlighting, via humorous anecdotes, a history of villainy ("The Villains Still Peruse Me"), only two of many type of performances he has delivered over the years to more than 400 colleges in hundreds of cities nationwide and abroad. And his stage appearances continued throughout the decades as well, with carefully chosen parts ranging from captain Hook to Oscar Wilde.

## food for thought

Price's appreciation for international cuisine, fine dining and good ol' home cookin' is well known. He has authored several books on the subject, and hosted a show called "Cooking Price-wise". A Treasury of Great recipes, which he coauthored in 1965 with then wife Mary, an oversize, leather-tooled volume, was a combination of recipes, comments and reviews of some of the finest restaurants they had visited around the world. It even included a critique of "Los Angeles Dodger" [hot]dogs! He also recorded a multi-record international cooking course of exotic dishes and personal reminiscences.

## his horror favorite

Vincent has recorded many [other] albums, including a collection of American poetry, a "how-to" project called "Witchcraft and Magic: An Adventure in Demonology", and an entry in a popular series called "Co-Star" in which the listener could "play" a scene opposite the well-known celebrity. For his "Tales of Witches, Ghosts and Goblins", Vincent won a Grammy award. Other voice-over work in recent years has included Michael Jackson's mega-hit single "Thriller", and even thinly veiled characterization of himself on Saturday morning TV's "Scooby-Do"! He also sang and provided the voice of the villainous mastermind, Prof. Ratigan, in Disney's **THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE**. While the hugely successful Poe film series concluded in the 70's, Price continued making classic gothiques such as **THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES** and his personal favorite among his "horrors", **THEATER OF BLOOD** (co-starring the acclaimed actress who became his third wife, Coral Browne.) I think one of his most recent film appearances, Tim Burton's **EDWARD SCISSORHANDS**, presented Price with just about as perfect an on-screen death scene as befits the actor's talent & career, equalled only by John Wayne's final shootout in the climax of **THE SHOOTIST**. This year Price had a co-starring role on a made-for-cable flick on TNT called **THE HEART OF JUSTICE**.

## magnificent obsession

All of those memories, recollections, quotes and achievements bring us to an area that most people don't know about Vincent Price. Of course his lifelong love





Price as the en-egg-matic Egghead, seen with "chief" Edward Everett Horton, from the "An Egg Grows In Gotham" episode of TV's BATMAN. (20th Century Fox Television)



Don't let anyone tell you it isn't tough being a vampire. How would you like all but two of your upper teeth to shrink? (THE MONSTER CLUB, Chips Productions, 1980)

As a dashing leading man in his first film **SERVICE DELUXE**, Vincent has lovely Constance Bennett in his grip (Universal, 1938)



affair with the world of art (particularly pre-Colombian, primitive and American Indian artwork) is well documented but some facets of the love and obsessions are not as well known. To seemingly digress for a moment-- a lot of us got hooked on Forry's wonderful brainchild, so much so, that we couldn't stop there, we had to go out and buy related film material such as posters, lobbycards, pressbooks & photos used to publicize the films of Vincent Price and others we'd become obsessed with over the years and during the course of collecting this mania I can only assume that the collectors among you have, like I, scrimped & saved & denied ourselves what others might call "essentials" to obtain that one additional poster or whatever we just had to have for our collection. If such was the case with any of you, then Vincent Price is another member of that unofficial club. Vincent first began collecting as a youth when he bought his first piece of art, a Rembrandt etching, that cost him the then-enormous amount of \$37.50 (that's like telling you my one-sheet poster on **INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN** cost me \$0.40 and even then it was priced high). His view of art is "an appreciation of art about life and that capacity for wonder." And if you were around during the 40's you could have conceivably made a deal personally with Vincent over a particular painting, for during the mid 40's he opened his own gallery with a fellow actor/enthusiast George Macready (in a venture which lasted over two years). Imagine dealing with Vincent Price on a collectable.

## his strangest job

His interest in art led to his authoring/editing of books on that subject as well, in fact his 1939 "visual autobiography", **I LIKE WHAT I KNOW**, is totally devoted to Vincent's love & life with respect to art alone. "I



Win one for the Gripper! TOWER OF LONDON, United Artists, 1962)



Vincent as a sculptor extraordinaire, with his "greatest creation", in the form of Marie Antoinette.

know what I like—I like art—and I like what I know." He wrote a column on art for 80 newspapers during one period in 1962, accepted what he called "the strangest and most exciting job of my career", that of advisor and buyer for Sears Roebuck & CO., which had decided to create a program they called National Treasures. By the end of the decade he had bought over 55,000 works and supervised the purchase of many more. This project brought art to the masses, and enabled people who had never been exposed to genuine art treasures to learn as well as acquire. About 25 years ago, Vincent began an art program for 30-odd students at East Los Angeles College, where Wendayne Ackerman taught French & German for 20 years. Today, the Vincent Price Art Gallery Foundation serves a predominantly Hispanic population of more than 10,000, offering education programs, art exhibitions and much more. It is an institution very dear to Vincent's heart, embodying his lifelong desire to bring artistry (films, theatre, painting) to the people. So much so that he selected the Vincent Price gallery as the place to entertain acolyte Tim Burton to film the director's unique documentary project on his favorite actor. (More on that in a future FM!—4E)

## honors galore

One of Price's honors of the decade was President Kennedy's invitation to join the White House Fine Arts Committee which helped in the long-overdue redecorating of the White House. A Chairmanship of the U.S. Department of Indians Interior Art & Crafts followed as did his honorary doctorate degree at the George Washington Carver Institute Annual Award for out-

standing contributions to art, science, education and the betterment of race relations. A representative "collecting" story regarding Vincent's passions and priorities is the one told of his yearly trips to England in the late 60's and early 70's when he would annually make one of his American-International films such as *THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*, *THE OBLONG BOX* or *MADHOUSE*. Acting has always been Vincent's method of financing his art collection and Price's contract allowed him the funds to stay at the finest West End Hotel of his choice. But instead he choose much more modest accommodations, electing instead to pocket the difference, which he would unhesitatingly use to buy even more art for his world-class collection! Now, that's why I call Price "one of us!"

## thanks for the memories

So Mr. Price, for your 50-plus years in films, television and the stage; for making us jump in *HOUSE OF WAX* or laugh in *CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR* or cry in *EDWARD SCISSORHANDS*; for giving us all a better appreciation of the joys of life in the world we live in, from the food we eat to the beauty of art which surrounds us; for being our "friend" through all of our years of childhood, puberty and adulthood; we, the readership of *Famous Monsters*, do hereby salute you au revoir but not good-bye. And lastly, in response to your often-uttered assertion that you'll never retire, that "they'll have to hurry me before I retire and even then my tombstone's inscription will be "I'm back!"—to that we can only say with all due respect & love...."we'll all be waiting."



## vincent's best— was wilde!

The writings of Oscar Wilde (including the unparalleled wit of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and the spiritual decay of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" are acknowledged among the greatest in the English language. A one-man show based on his life and work, "Diversions and Delights" was fiercely funny and poignantly moving—the challenge of a career. Vincent's wife Coral encouraged him: "Go stick your neck out". He did. And critics raved. "Superlative" — "virtuoso" — "one-man brilliance not to be missed".

The evening takes the form of a lecture Wilde delivers in a rundown Paris concert hall in 1899, a year before his death at 46. A ruined man, ill and addicted to absinthe, unable to write — he had just served two years at hard labor in an English prison after having been convicted of "The Love that dare not speak its name." A haughty wreck, Oscar recites, reminisces and rants gradually leading the audience from glittering triumphs to disgrace and pathos...

In a luxurious auburn wig, rouged, padded under a shabby frockcoat and flowing tie, Vincent altered his walk, his mannerisms; transforming his famous voice into the velvety, adenoidal lisp of the infamous poet. He was stunning. It was the most carefully researched, affecting and memorable performance of his career.

"Diversions" had a brief Broadway run, but was better suited to smaller, more intimate houses in which Price's magnetism and Wilde's tragedy could touch audiences on a personal level. For some six years, on and off, Vincent took the show to the people in college campuses and rural theatres all across the country, and considered it "the best work" he's ever done. And today it remains the triumph of a truly "diverse" career of one of our most "delightful" artists.

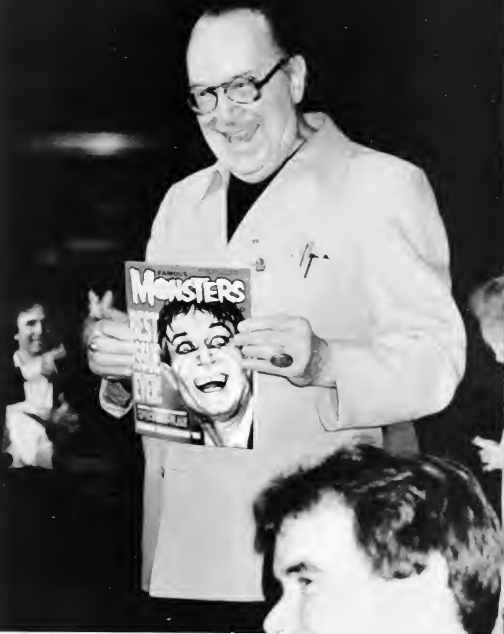
—lucy chase williams

# KING CON!

**the imagi-movie ack-stravaganza  
of the century!**

**I**t was the "Woodstock" of fantasy-film fans. 7000 fans and professionals from all around the world—a dozen countries represented!—participated over Memorial Day Weekend in the memorable celebration of the 35th Anniversary of Famous Monsters of Filmland magazine and its creator, the editor of this magazine. It all crystallized in Crystal City, Virginia, next door to the capital in Washington, DC (Dracula Country?), and if you're finding out about it too late, get out your crying towel—you're on Candid Towelavision!

**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**



What so proudly we hailed: Proud papa Forry poses with his new born- FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #200!



**The Ape Men Cometh: The Horrorwood Bat-Pack - Forrest J Ackerman, Ray Harryhausen and Ray Bradbury- together for the first (and probably only) time at a fan convention! These King Kong lovers share a laugh during King Con with fellow ape enthusiast, John Landis.**

**The Tall Man, Angus Scrimm found himself staring in FAN-tasm!**



If you were present—it took two and a half hotels to accommodate the crowds—you will savor this report as it revives for you the thrilling memories of this monstrous affair. The Ghost of Horror Himself, Forry Ackerman, will avidly read this writup as he says, "I look forryward to viewing the 55 hours of videotapes covering the con, 'cuz about all I saw was my hand signing autographs and shaking claws!" He says the experience of shaking hands for 3 days and nights left him a shaken man. An Acker-man, that is.

## a ray of sunshine

You must know who Ray Bradbury is or you wouldn't be reading this magazine. Actually, you wouldn't even be alive and above the age of 5, if you're not familiar (along with 99% of the rest of the literate world) with *The Wizard of Words* who gave us *SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES*, *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*, *FAHRENHEIT 451*, *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*, *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*... He was at the first World Science Fiction Convention in 1939, busy getting autographs rather than giving them, introducing the work of legendary artist Hannes Bok to the editor of *Weird Tales*, and he's attended scores of sci-fi cons in his lifetime and even been Guest of Honor at one; so it is high praise indeed from one who knows whereof he speaks when Bradbury says, "The 'Forrycon' was the best convention I have ever attended!"

## the room of ruminations

Sensory overload was the best way to describe the sensation of immersing oneself in the multimillion





Vivacious Noel Neill delighted super-fans during her seminar on the Man-of-Steel with tales of Clark, Lois, Jimmy, Perry and all the gang. Afterward, she signed her name more times in 2 days than Lois Lane did in her entire career!



Universal Legends-- Gloria (THE OLD DARK HOUSE) Stuart and Curt (THE WOLF MAN) Siodmak captivated audiences with their tales of life during the ghouliden years of Horrorwood.

Zacherley harmonizes with "Ol' Boo Eyes".



The Amazing Jack (son of Greg) Theakston dressed in costume (just for the Eck of it) as the first fantasy-film figure Forry remembers seeing, from ONE GLORIOUS DAY.

Perennial favorite FM cover artist Basil Gogos meets a persuasive model for a future painting. Gogos delighted fans with brand new sketches he displayed in the Dealer's Expo.





Imagine! These fans are starting their journey into Famous Monsterland with passports signed by Bela Lugosi Jr. and Dwight Frye Jr.! The beast of times is awaiting you, young travelers!

The Wizard of Words, Ray Bradbury, beams with pride over his lifelong pal's return to the noose-stand. Ray dropped his copy of LIFE magazine to grab the new FM. And, as we all know, no man hath greater love than he lay down his LIFE for his friend.

The "Ghoul Humor" man himself, Zacherley, contemplates an inscription for another delighted fan. The cherry on top of the I scream!



dollar Exhibit Hall (the original Robby the Robot alone cost \$17,000 to effect his appearance at the Con), replete with legendary Harryhausen dinosaur and mythological animation models, Ultima Futura Automaton (the replica of the METROPOLIS robotrix that consumed a year and a half and 600 hours to reconstruct), Bela Lugosi's stage DRACULA cape last seen on the screen in PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, original cover paintings from FAMOUS MONSTERS by Gogos, Cobb and Nuetzell, a Martian military machine from WAR OF THE WORLDS, and more imagi-movie marvels than you could shake a stake at!

## auto-giraffes

You had to crane your neck, strain your neck, to see who was sitting at the end of the line as fans were willing to stand in lines as long as a brontosaurus' tail for two and a half hours to get autographs of stellar sci-film and fantasy favorites: Richard Matheson! Ann Robinson! John Landis! Joe Dante! Gloria Stuart! Ray Bradbury! Robert Bloch! Ray Harryhausen! Frank Kelly Freas! Gogos! Bobbie Breese! Bela Lugosi Jr! Boris Karloff's daughter Sara! the Grandson of Lon Chaney Jr! the son of Dwight Frye! Noel Neill! Carroll Borland! Greg Theakston! Brinke Stevens! Ron Borst! Angus Scrimm! Gary Svehla! Mark Frank! John Norman! Eric Hoffman! Curt Siodmak! Steven Jones! Quelou Parente! Julius Schwartz! David Prowse!—an alphabet scoop from A to Z of famous folk from John Agar to Zachertley! Never before in this century and probably never again will there be such a colossal collection of sci-fi stars and fanta-film favorites!

## off the map of the Imagi-Nation

Australia, Canada, the Czech Republic, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, Mexico, Poland and Romania were all represented! A polyglot of languages was spoken—plus Forry (Fojak) with his knowledge of Esperanto. It is problematical if many of the WORLD science fiction conventions (51 in all) have ever had such an international representation.

## swede adeline

All the names of V.I.P. ticket purchasers were culled together after the event and the Ackermmonster stuck in his thumb and pulled out...the name of a Swede-dish by the name of Kristina Hallind who, with her 7-year-old son Axel, enjoyed the dream trip of a lifetime, seeing everything from the Haunted Mansion and Captain Bo at Disneyland to the Things From Another World Show, the Conan Show, King Kong, Jaws, the Psycho House and the Star Trek adventure at Universal to the Laserium show at the observatory above the Ackermansion to Grislyland in the Ackermansion itself. "Tak se mycket!" said Kristina of the Ackspere...and Forry says when he finds out what that means maybe he'll invite her back!

## kongsize kaleidoscope

It is virtually impossible to know where to begin to describe the event to those of you who were not present or to reprise it for you thousands who were. Perhaps with the Celebrity Breakfast for early risers who signed up months in advance to share a table with the likes of



The delightful Ann Robinson, star of stage, scream and tallow-vision, charmed visitors from 13 countries! (And 2 digni-scaries from Mars!)

Director John Landis, with Mark Viniello, 1st place Costume Contest winner. Mark wanted Landis to hear his latest music score. "I spend a lot of my spare time decomposing", he said.





**All in the Family--** Forry with the "children of the damned"-- Bela Lugosi Jr., Dwight Frye Jr., Sara Karloff Sparkman and Ron Chaney. FM-CON brought them all together for the first time.

**Voluptuous MAUSOLEUM star Bobbie Bresee,** no sooner sat herself down in the atrium lounge for a well-deserved break, than she was besieged by a 60 FOOT line of autograph-hungry fans! (belonging to 30 panting wolf men!)

**John Agar croons a tune (acapella) to the crowd** of fans who stayed into the wee-hours during the Saturday night song fest. John's voice is sooooo good, **THE MAN FROM PLANET AROUS** should have been titled **THE MAN FROM PLANET ARIAS!**





Master Ack-tioneer Walt Daugherty presided over the festivities during the "Son of Ackermuseum" auction on Sunday. Among the treasures offered were 1st edition copies of Ray Bradbury's first fanzine *FUTURIA FANTASIA*, rare sci-fi pulps, paintings, a vest, shirt and slacks belonging to Bela Lugosi, a space pod from *SILENT RUNNING* and Forry's WWII dress military jacket (minimum bid- \$1. "I have no sentimental attachment to it," said 4e). Half the time the audience groaned at the prices Walt extracted during the bids and half the time over his trademark puns. (Which left no doubt of his 60+ year association with another famous punster of filmland!)

Bradbury, Harryhausen, Siodmak, Borland and even the Ackermuseum. Most attendees seemed more interested in acquiring autographs than eating! Forry, for instance, said he spent so much time signing copies of *FM* #200 that his iced coffee got cold! Every time Ray Harryhausen tried to animate a hotcake into his mouth a pen was pushed into his hand. Ray Bradbury never lost his cool; a lesser being might have got Fahrenheit 451 under the collar. Ann Robinson said nothing had been so frightening since her role in *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. Richard Matheson resembled the incredible Shrinking Man but did not shrink from giving autographs.

## even a man who is pure in heart

How many fans thought they'd ever get to meet the man who gave them *FRANKENSTEIN WOLFS THE MEAT MAN...er, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN...DONOVAN'S BRAIN, SON OF DRACULA, THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS, I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, THE INVISIBLE WOMAN, TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN, BLACK FRIDAY* and on and on into the night. But there was living legend Curt Siodmak, a spy guy at 91, telling tales of how he helped put out the flames on Brigitte Helm's dress in 1926 when Fritz Lang was photographing *METROPOLIS*, revealing the origin of Larry Tal-

bot (Lon Chaney Jr. as the cursed lycanthrope), how he built the *TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL* and *FLOATING PLATFORM NUMBER 1* and launched the *RIDERS TO THE STARS* and provided the plot on which *EARTH VS THE FLYING SAUCERS* was based and how *DONOVAN'S BRAIN* was filmed 3 times and other unique anecdotes. He has completed a musicomedy called *THE SONG OF FRANKENSTEIN* and is presently several hundred typewritten pages into his autobiography—perhaps he can be persuaded to let *FM* preview a few pages.

## laff, clowns, laff

John Landis, William Schallert, Richard Matheson and Joe Dante stole the show during the Horrorwood Squares segment of the Frye-day evening entertainment. "Originally, not knowing quite what to expect, they told me they didn't want to play," said the Ferry named Ray, sponsor of the event, "but at the last minute they changed their minds. Things were a bit chaotic as I tried to explain the goings-on (while we were all on stage in the thick of it!) but once they got into the spirit of the thing you couldn't get them off the stage! They were more fun than a barrel of mummies! Wait 'til you see the tapes!" Contestants had to figure out from mute gyrations of those in the know what a



Some pretty (?) happy monsters gather 'round their favorite midnight reading material.

The Dealer's Expo was packed every minute. Whatever your heart's desire in fantasy-film collectibles, you could find just what you wanted at one of the 110 dealer booths. In between browsing, shoppers could stop and chat with Basil Gogos, Brinke Stevens, David (Darth Vader) Prowse, Mark (Pumpkinhead scripter) Carducci, Ann Robinson, sci-fi art wiz (and this issue's cover artist) Frank Kelly Freas or dozens of other pros and celebrities who were in attendance.





This scene is typical of what fans experienced all weekend. If there was a vacant spot to be found, within minutes you'd find one of our celebrity guests besieged by anxious fans. In every case, the guests cheerfully accommodated them. Here Ray Bradbury, straight from an hour-long session in the autograph room, is back in action. He continued to sign in the atrium for another 2 hours!

movie title was such as *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*, *THE KILLER TOMATOES* or *THEM!*. (How would you mime a GI-ant?) Audiences saw the titles projected on a large screen protected from the view of the, er, victims.

## the invisible (acker)man

"I would never have dreamed," said FJA, "as a boy of 17 in 1933 seeing glorious Gloria Stuart opposite Claude Rains in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, that one night in 1993 I would be on a stage 3000 miles from home in front of an audience in a packed auditorium, holding Gloria Stuart's hand and saying in as husky, emotion-filled voice as possible, "Flora, my darling! That funny little hat—I always liked it. You've been crying, Flora" — and Gloria Stuart replying desperately, "Jack! Listen to me! My father knows something about monacaine that even you don't know. It alters you...changes you...makes you feel—differently!"— and I snorting, "Your father? Bah! He has the brain of a maggot, a tapeworm, compared to mine!" It was an indelible thrill for me. Reader—just imagine yourself playing a part opposite Vincent Price or Peter Cushing or Ingrid Pitt or Madonna (just wanted to see if you were awake and paying attention).

## father's day

Their distinguished dads would have been proud to see their offsprings receive a standing ovation as the

sons of Bela Lugosi and Dwight Frye, the daughter of Boris Karloff and the great grandson of Lon Chaney Sr. took their seats on the stage for a Q&A session hosted by Forry Ackerman. This session alone, perhaps never to be repeated, was worth the price of admission. Speaking of price, the entire convention was dedicated to Vincent Price in a moving opening speech, after which the entire audience rose and sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Vincent" for his 82nd natal celebration.

## a poe-pourri of performers

Not since the Fall of the House of Usher has such a full house of fans brought down the house with their applause for the all-star cast of the Sing Along with Forry midnight carnival. Who ever would have suspected John Agar of having such a melodious voice? Who would have dreamed of seeing Zacherley in person at the mike? Who would have imagined William Schallert to be such an accomplished pianist? Who'd-a think that Uncle Forry himself would be doing impersonations of Al Jolson and Maurice Chevalier? (Bjo Trimble came up from the audience for him to sing "Louise" to her and a darling little tot toddled up for him to put his arm around her and cause her to beam as he melodically described her as "Baby Face".) (We are checking a rumor that Frank Sinatra wired him, "But don't give up your editing job, FJA.") Even Eric Hoffman, the FM Answer Man, tickled the ivories and his tonsils. It was a show of talent that threatened to bring back vaudeville! ("Or set it back 50 years"—George Burns)



The "Son of Ackermuseum" room featured props from several Ray Harryhausen classics, Bela Lugosi's Dracula cape, an exhibit of matte paintings and models highlighting Jim Danforth's diverse career, one of Lon Chaney's make-up kits, Don Post masks, and much more. Above are several pieces of original FM cover art and a portfolio of work by FM's mon-star photographer, Walt Daugherty. Below, the original Robby the Robot (courtesy of Bill Malone) and Bill's recreation of Ultima Futura Automaton.





## that's entertainment

Frank Kelly Freas and Basil Gogos conducted art seminars, Scream Queen Brinke Stevens participated in a panel on imagi-movie making, Forry himself related anAckdotes about his experiences with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Peter Lorre, John Carradine, Fritz Lang, Elsa Lanchester, Vincent Price and a slew of other slayboys & ghouls, Noel Neill reminisced about her TV days as Superman's Lois Lane followed by an impromptu performance with audience members of an original "Adventures of Superman" script, Carroll Borland discussed her wonderful relationship with Bela Lugosi and revealed that her novel "Dracula's Daughter" is about to be published, Ray Bradbury was his usual ebullient self in a one-man show that so captivated the audience you could hear a Pinhead drop, Ray Harryhausen was of course animated, Jim Danforth dazzled a group with his display of models and special effects paintings, Robert Bloch explained the finer points of translating terror to the screen (remember terror? That spine-chilling, fright-filling method of movies that was the standard before the "gore" craze got crazy?), the "big three" themselves, Horrorwood Bat Packers Ray Bradbury, Forry Ackerman and Ray Harryhausen, assembled themselves on stage for the first (and probably only) time at a fan convention for some candid conversation about their lifelong friendship, and famous sons of FAMOUS MONSTERS John Landis, Joe Dante, Jim Danforth and Bill Malone discussed (with remarkable candor) the prides and pitfalls of modern movie making. In fact what all the attendees remarked on was how remarkably active and approachable the participants were all weekend. Sometimes it was hard to tell who were the fans and who were the celebrities....until you saw the autograph lines!

## auctions speak louder than words

How about the opportunity to purchase a copy of Ray Bradbury's legendary fanzine financed by Forry, Futuria Fantasia? To invest in a vest worn by Bela Lugosi? To buy some 1930s issues of Weird Tales? To own a coat once worn by Lon Chaney Sr.? To acquire a booklength manuscript by Robert Bloch? To buy original acrylic paintings of Dracula, Frankenstein, Forry as Renfield, Frank R. Paulesque prints by Anthony Brezinski and Osman Askin? The fabled Fancyclopedia ("sum total of human knowledge"). The "Monsters of the Moon" souvenir book from the second (1940) World Science Fiction Convention. And other treasures beyond measure. All this and more was available via auction in the closing hours of the Convention when fans acquired mementoes that popped eyes like Peter Lorre's.

## collector's cornucopia

Over 110 dealers from around the world set up shop, offering anything and everything a fantasy-film fan could want. Posters, stills, model kits, novelties, pins, hooks, paintings, comics and more. A stroll down the hall brought you to Basil Gogos who had brand-new drawings of famous fiends and eagerly discussed his days as FM's premiere cover artist, in between signing a mountain of original issues being shoved at him left and right. Dean of sci-fi artists Frank Kelly Freas had a collection of prints of his masterful brushwork and was busy doing caricature sketches of fans who waited in line for a chance to sit before his enchanted pen.



**Loco Boys Make Good--** Jovial Joe Dante and John Landis kept things lively where ever they went. With Richard Matheson, William Schallert and Zacherley, they stole the show during Horrorwood Squares Friday night.

Hardly anyone (especially the celebrities) had much to eat during the breakfast banquet Saturday morning, between the autographs, photos and chitchat. The guys at Brinke Stevens' table didn't need a cup of coffee to wake them. One look at Brinke and they were up!





**FM-CON staffer Tonya O'Neil gets a hug from William Schallert, who dazzled audiences with his talents at the keyboard and his marvelous wit. A more congenial guy you're not likely to meet.**

**Robert Bloch poses for a picture with fan Jim Morrow. Mr. Bloch's one-man seminar on "Translating Terror to the Screen" packed 'em in for two performances on Saturday and Sunday.**



## the man from planet ack's

William Schallert has been in every imagi-movie from **THE MAN FROM PLANET X** to **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** (when asked how he liked playing the service station attendant in the latter animation classic, Bill replied, "It was a gas!"). Forry was astounded, on first meeting him, to be told that Schallert had been aware of FJA for 60 years! having first encountered his name in the readers' department of *Astounding Stories* magazine in 1932! It was an astounding event to witness Schallert on the piano accompanying Forry at the Saturday night Sing-Along fest.

## kongtests

Plaques of recognition went to costume contestants Mark Viniello of Hopewell Junction, New York for his First Place zombie, Steven Harris from Durham, NC for his 2nd place hunchback and Jack Jackson from Haure-De-Grace, MD in 3rd place as Count Dracula. Honorable mentions went to Sarah and Sean St. James. Judges Freas and Gogos awarded first prize to Artist Lorraine Bush, 2nd prize to Davis Fischer and 3rd prize to Pablo Dominguez. Modelmakers David Conover, William Lappe, Michael Femora won the 1st, 2nd and 3rd place honors with Jamie Krinski getting the best Aurora honors and Mick Wood the best scratch built display. Joe Dante and John Landis found a 1st place hit in Don Vaughn and Mark Cantrell's video entry, **THE THING THAT WASN'T THERE**, with 2nd place going to surprise comedy short **SUPER DOPEY SUPER HEROES** and a 3rd place prize to David P. Jacobs for **STRAYS NIGHT**. Bats off to all those who got into the spirit of the weekend by entering the contests and to the dozens of cleverly costumed con goers who brought a laugh or a shriek to all the celebrants.

## heroes & heroines

A monstrous thanks from the bottom of our black little hearts to our faithful and dedicated fiends, who labored by daylight, moonlight and torchlight to make the **FAMOUS MONSTERS CON** a success: Heidi ("the magnificent") Gibson; Murray, Barbara & Morgan Dyschwald; "Big Mark" Leibowitz; Kenny Arback & Tonya O'Neil, Ralph & Rose Ferry, Louise Reynolds; Sweeny Securella; Debbie Deck; Linda & Laura Konrad; Risty; Rick, Meryl, Joe & Alice Luciano; Dave & Paulette Guerra; Frank Yetman; George Toureles; Don Bennett; Graydon Pihlaja; Bill Pruitt; Rolf Grimstead; Ron Borst; Jim Marcinkowski; Lincoln Bond; and all the fans who stopped by to help us set up the museum on Thursday night.

## reCONstruction

We hope you have enjoyed this pterodactyl's eye view of the King of Cons. To really enjoy the magic of this once-in-a-lifetime gathering, turn quickly to page 91 of this issue and send for your copy of the 35th ANNIVERSARY **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND WORLD-CON VIDEO!** Available exclusively from **DYNACOMM**. And the good news is that, by Popular Demand, another incredible FM convention is being planned for Fall of 1994 in Horrorwood, Karloffornia itself to celebrate the first year of publication of the resurrected **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**. Watch these pages for details.

Dear reader-- Before he left Sunday night, Richard Matheson stopped me outside the well-into-overtime Acker-auction and handed me a sheet of paper on which he'd written a brief tribute to Forry that he had not had the opportunity to deliver to the audience due to the constant activity and demand for his time during the weekend. Our loss during the convention is your gain, as Mr. Matheson was kind enough to give me permission to print his words here. For all the adulation heaped upon Forry by fans and well-wishers, I think these simple words capture the essence of his endearment to everyone who has ever had the pleasure of his friendship.-- Ray Forry, Publisher.

#### A Few Things I Remember About Forry

He was Chuck Beaumont's agent when Chuck sold one of his first fantasy short stories; not for a lot of money but a thrill nevertheless. Forry showed up at Chuck's apartment with a grocery bag filled to the brim with dollar bills, making the sale even more of a delight.

For up to fifty years, Forry has regaled us with more of the most agonizing, wince-and-groan puns that have ever been conceived of by the mind of man. And we loved every one of them.

Every year - for how many years my failing memory is unable to recall but they were many - Forry would, for some inexplicable yet charmingly touching reason, telephone our house every May to wish my wife Ruth a Happy Mother's Day.

One year, on Mother's Day, we were on Maui, sitting on a patio nibbling papaya when the telephone rang. I answered it to hear that unmistakable voice inform me that he'd called to wish Ruth a Happy Mother's Day yet again. How he ever got the telephone number of that condominium is a mystery to this day.

It is this kind of inspired and thoughtful lunacy that has been a hallmark of Forry's antic spirit for the past generation. It is his endless enthusiasm and ardent love for the remarkable field of which we are all a part that sets him, so deservedly, on this sci-fi pinnacle today.

And if everyone here is not especially good to Forry, I will do what I did that once. I will run on the walls and hang down and drip green over all of you until you are sorry that you didn't be nice to him.

May you bask in the sunshine of our respect and affection, Forry.

*Richard Matheson*

# LUGOSI LIVES ETERNAL



Bela as he appeared some 60 years ago in the role of Degar in NIGHT OF TERROR. (Columbia, 1933)

a new feature from FAMOUS MONSTERS!

# TIME VAULT TALES!

Our Editor journeys deep into the cellars of the Ackermuseum (where few have dared go and even fewer have returned!) to bring you these treasured yarns from Futures Long Past. We think you'll find them fascinating, thought-provoking and especially, fun. In each new FM issue he'll bring you a different tale from authors whose works are the foundations of the science fiction, fantasy and horror concepts you know today. In fact, we think you'll be amazed as you discover just how many modern stories are based on these pioneering tales. These are the stories Ray Bradbury, Gene Roddenberry, Rod Serling, Robert Bloch, Richard Matheson and many others grew up on. These are the stories that inspired young Forry Ackerman. You'll chill to tantalizing terrors! You'll thrill to flights of fantasy! You'll laugh at how silly some of the science ideas seem today and you'll marvel at just how close some predictions come. In between issues of FM, drop by your local Public Library and pick up a novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs, E.E. Smith, H.G. Wells or Curt Siodmak. There's gold in them there thrills! If you'd like a list of Forry's Recommended Reading, send an S.A.S.E. to: FJA's Fantasy Favorites, c/o Dynacomm, POB 9669, N. Hollywood, CA 91609. Happy tales!

—Ray Ferry, pub.



**Now, turn the page and travel to...**

# THE MAD WORLD

**by a. i. burkholder**

(This is editor Hugo Gernsback's original introduction—4E)

**E**very seasoned science-fiction fan has read dozens of tales concerning visits from extra-terrestrial beings. They have come in peace, in war, and indifference. Here we have another visit—but what an unusual one! These space-travellers from across the void receive an entirely different welcome than any other story has ever presented.

Every normal human being has five definite senses. We can hear, see, smell, feel and taste. Some are supposed to be blessed with a sixth sense, though the exact nature of it is rather hazily explained—something like a gift of being able to tell what is going to happen. This is a rather unscientific idea.

Our author, who will be remembered for his "Dimensional Fate" in our August, 1934, number, shows us the possibility of a sixth sense that is more than convincing.

You will find this an interesting little tale by an author whose imagination is a thing to be proud of.

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(Illustration by Paul)

Small, intelligent machines were swarming up to attack them.

**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**

The alarm system was sending its mental impulses pulsating through the ship, stirring the great brains from their long, continued state of suspended animation. The greatest and most complex of all the brains, First Supervisory Intelligence, stirred as streams of memory surged through it, induced by the mental vibrations of the alarm system. Then suddenly wide awake, the huge brain focused its optical organs upon the maze of instruments surrounding it and saw that fifty-three thousand years had elapsed since the beginning of their voyage—fifty-three thousand years at half the speed of light; they must be somewhere near the center of the galaxy and hence the going off of the automatic's mental alarm. The Second and Third Supervisory Intelligences were, already, attempting to establish mental contact with the First, and the different coordinating Intelligences were beginning to signal that they awaited orders.

What memories flooded through these stupendous intellects! One hundred and twenty thousand sentairs (53,000 years) ago they had left a dead star in one of the globular clusters upon the outskirts of the Universe. There, untold aeons ago, they had evolved upon the outer-most planet of a blazing sun. They had developed intellectually until they were literally a race of brains.

First Supervisory Intelligence was a mammoth brain, ten feet in length and about eight feet in width and depth. Up in its front part were three optical organs, each about six inches in diameter, through which the creature was able to view things four-dimensionally. These eyes were also capable of perceiving all ethereal vibrations from well below the infra-red to well above the ultraviolet. Upon each side of the brain was a peculiar-shaped organ, through which it heard or received thought and mental vibrations; and upon the top of it were ear-like organs, arranged in a diamond shape, and through these the creature heard sounds or auditory vibrations over a very wide range of wavelengths. All of the other brains were, in shape, exact replicas of this one but were, in size, somewhat smaller.

Each brain was enclosed in a hemisphere of transparent metal, and these hemispheres were fastened down upon the tops of upright cylinders made of an opaque, gray metal. These cylinders contained automatic machinery that transmuted the surrounding atmosphere (or any other available materials) into the gases, water and predigested foods necessary for the creature in the hemisphere above and sent these necessities in the proper amounts through tubes into the brain. Waste materials came back through other tubes, to be transmitted into useful materials again, or else ejected from the apparatus. These machines also made, by transmutations of surrounding materials, their own fuel and lubricants—and each could, under direction of the brain above it, effect minor repairs upon itself. Within limits, each machine kept its brain at a constant temperature, irrespective of what the surrounding temperature might be. The whole of each machine was under the absolute control of the brain it contained, which controlled it by means of mental impulses, much as our brains control our bodies. These machines were the artificial bodies that the intelligences had devised to supplement and then to completely replace the imperfect, natural bodies of flesh with which Nature had originally provided them ages before. They could be swiftly moved about through a gaseous or liquid medium or through vacuum at the will of their occupants, the brains, by means of pure force emitted from them. The same force beams were also used for moving and manipulating tools and other material objects outside of the apparatus. One of these marvelous mechanical bodies would function perfectly for over a million

sentairs, but once each hundred thousand sentairs, each brain was carefully removed from its machine and placed in anew one and the old one was then overhauled and repaired. By means of this wonderful method, the intelligence could live and function for millions of sentairs. New brains could, when needed, be bred artificially from a few live cells taken from some unimportant part of a brain.

Upon their original planet they had thrived, huilt up a mighty civilization and evolved to their present state of efficiency and perfection. As their sun had cooled, the frigid cold, the absolute zero of interstellar space had slowly intruded upon them and had driven them from planet to planet closer and closer to their dying sun. As their sun grew colder and its feeble rays died out completely they had moved in and established themselves upon its very surface, upon the burnt out cinder of their dead star. Neutralizing most of the effects of its tremendous gravity upon them, in order to make their weights bearable they had lived upon it for untold ages and drove long tunnels into its very heart to get and utilize the last faint sparks of its once great store of heat and energy. The dead and useless planets were broken up and their materials transformed in to heat and energy. The very material of the dead star, itself, was used for the same purpose until, when it was reduced to about five percent of its original volume, the remnant of the race was being faced with the prospect of being left without a world to stand upon. In this extremity they built and embarked in ten great spaceships and set out to find a new home. Setting their automatic machinery to pilot them to the center of the Galaxy, they placed themselves in a state of suspended animation in order to conserve their resources and to escape the unbearable monotony of a voyage that would last for many thousands of sentairs.

Some thirty-thousand sentairs later the automatic alarms had aroused them and they found the cause was that they were passing close to a dead star from which thousands of small, intelligent machines were swarming up to attack them. In the ensuing battle, all of these were destroyed, but they had lost nine ships, leaving this one the sole survivor and last hope of their race, to continue its quest. Now the alarms had aroused them again and, as it was the end of the time estimated for the trip, they must be at the center of the Universe and ready to begin their search in earnest. They numbered nine hundred and twelve brains in all—three supervisory intelligences, nine coordinating intelligences and nine hundred specialized intelligences.

The Second Supervisory Intelligence emitted a long, thin beam of force from its mechanical body and touched a control with it and instantly views of the space surrounding the ship appeared upon screens. No enemy or other danger was visible, nor did the various other detecting instruments of the vessel reveal any, but dead ahead and about one and one half light years distant was a dwarf, yellow star surrounded by planets. All of the various detecting apparatuses were then turned upon it and it was discovered that the star in question was surrounded by eleven planets which rotated in a plane about it. The sixth planet was ringed, the fifth had a huge red spot upon it, the third was accompanied by a huge moon, several of the others had small satellites, and several had none at all. Between the fourth and fifth planets a stream of tiny planetoids and fragments rotated about the star.

A very careful analysis of the star's light revealed no deadly rays and surely one or more of these bodies would furnish at least a temporary home. At a mental command from the First Supervisory Intelligence, several of the specialized intelligences commenced the





Illustration by Paul Smith

A great beam of force flashed out from the planet itself, seized the invading ship and commenced to drag it slowly toward the surface of the planet.

slow task of making several hundred new brains from some of the live cells brought in storage for that purpose. Then the three supervisory intelligences devoted themselves to a study of the approaching planetary system.

As they neared the star, they greatly checked their speed and steered in a great circle about it, far beyond the orbit of its outermost planet. Then, further checking their velocity in order to reduce the centrififical force acting upon the ship, they allowed the gravity of the star to slowly drag them in toward it in a gradually closing spiral. The six outmost planets with their moons were found to be frozen and devoid of life, but the largest satellite of the fifth planet from the sun was discovered to be teeming with unintelligent creatures of very low orders. Leaving the plane of the planetary bodies in order to pass safely over the whirl of planetoids and fragments rotating about the star between its fourth and fifth planets, and then returning to the plane, they approached the fourth planet.

It was a small world with two tiny moons revolving swiftly about it and was apparently inhabited by intelligent creatures, for the detectors showed huge canals crisscrossing its surfaces and small points of light at their intersections. Nor did this life leave the intelligences long in doubt, for as the ship circled the planet in an orbit of about one hundred thousand mile radius, there was a tremendous flash upon the nearer of its moons and a large ship rushed out to meet them. The supervisory intelligences swiftly swung their vessel away at an angle, but the other craft immediately altered its course and a collision seemed imminent.

Hurriedly, the Third Supervisory Intelligence actuated certain complex machines and great repeller beams shot out, seized the other ship and forced it from its course so that it passed harmlessly out into space. At a distance of some seventy thousand miles the vessel from the fourth planet suddenly exploded and sent great sheets of flame and millions of fragments flying for thousands of miles in all directions. Hardly had this happened than a great beam of force flashed out from the planet itself, seized the invading ship and commenced to drag it slowly toward the surface of the planet. Third Supervisory Intelligence then hurled a mental impulse at a huge machine and it roared into life, sending great force shields flashing out around the vessel and thus cutting off the attractor beam.

The denizens of the fourth planet were certainly showing, in no unmistakable manner, their unwillingness to submit peacefully either to investigation or invasion.

The invading space-ship then darted in between the two small moons and, catching hold of both with great attractor rays, began to pull them together. Slowly they gained speed and then faster and faster they hurled at the great space-craft between them. At the last moment the intelligences cut off their pulling forces and sent their ship darting out from its perilous position. The two satellites crashed together behind it and a great blob of incandescent material, that had been two moons, fell like a plummet to the planet below, where it made a great, smoking crater.

That should teach those puny creatures not to try to match their feeble minds against what are probably the

greatest minds in the Galaxy", the Third Supervisory Intelligence thought as the ship moved on toward the orbit of the third world from the sun.

The third world was larger than the fourth and three-fourths of its surface proved to be covered with water. It was accompanied by one huge moon which the detectors showed to be airless and lifeless. The planet itself was plainly inhabited by intelligent life, for the detectors showed scattered patches of light upon the land, and from time to time, a tiny moving pinpoint of light upon the sea, in the dark half of the world where night prevailed. A study of the nature of this light revealed to their super-science that it came from metal, rendered incandescent by passing electrons over it.

The First Supervisory Intelligence reflected that may aeons past, when its own race had newly arisen from the primeval slime of their first planet and still walked their primitive little brains about upon the crude muscular contrivances that Nature had originally furnished to them for bodies then, that they too had used electricity for purposes of light and power.

"A good temporary bone", thought the three supervisory intelligences. "A fairly young world, rich in material resources, and a hot star to furnish light, heat and power. Nearly a large moon—a veritable storehouse of materials for transmutation into needed substances and for transformation into energy. Here the race would dwell for ages and create great numbers of new brains; with this planet as a base, they would soon conquer the entire system and then reach out for other stars."

Upon one side of the planet were two great masses of land, extending nearly from pole to pole and joined together by a narrow neck of land. At one corner of the geographically topmost one and upon the side toward the direction of the planet's rotation, was a peninsula of soft, swampy land.

"An excellent place to stop", thought the First Supervisory Intelligence.

The great ship entered the planet's atmosphere and, decelerating rapidly, rushed down to a perfect landing with its outer shell glowing from friction with the gases composing the planet's shell of air. It was a perfect landing at exactly the predetermined spot and, at last, after a hundred and twenty thousand sentinals of travel, the great craft had come to rest.

But all was not well; for hardly had the ship penetrated the atmosphere when a mental bedlam broke loose. Every brain and nervous system upon the entire planet seemed to be so constituted that it broadcasted its thoughts and emotions as a radio transmitter broadcasts radio waves. What thoughts these creatures had! What a hell of passion and emotion this planet seemed to be! Powerful, but incomprehensible mental impulses from billions of primitive brains assailed the telepathy organs of the intelligences and tortured their minds. Madness lurked everywhere!

Could not these creatures prevent the escape of their mental vibrations? Why did not this hedlam of their own creation drive them insane? Could it be that they were not provided with natural organs to receive thought from others?

Already the simpler and weaker of the brains, the nine hundred specialized intelligences, were going insane under strain of this mental tumult of idiocy and viciousness.

Unceasingly, the weird thought beat in upon them. Now a scaly quadruped stalked a hairy quadruped to kill it. Now two hairy bipeds fought to the death over the question of which one of them should cooperate

with a third hairy biped in order to, in some mysterious manner, create a small, fourth biped. Here, a strange winged creature circled in the atmosphere and watched the ground for small, six legged creatures, which it caught and devoured. Here, a hairless biped stood before a group of its own kind and supplicated an imaginary power above the atmosphere to grant certain favors to it and to its fellows, and at the same time wondered what sort of creatures, plant and animal, would it be served to eat later in the day.

Hate, love, greed, lust, loyalty, treachery and violence were everywhere. Occasionally, there came a lucid and almost intelligent thought, but the bulk were sheer insane ravings.

In one of the power generating parts of the ship, Specialized Intelligence Second of Material Mechanism suddenly, in an insane fit, hurled itself across the compartment and against the metal wall. It and its mechanical body were completely destroyed by the impact, so sudden and violent was its mad act. In a storage compartment, three specialized intelligences fought a battle royal with their force beams until they were suddenly rendered unconscious by powerful mental vibrations emitted for the purpose by several of the coordinating intelligences. Fifth Coordinating Intelligence was suddenly killed by a crazed specialized intelligence.

The specialized intelligence had all gone insane and even the eight surviving coordinating intelligences were beginning to behave in an erratic and untrustworthy manner. The three supervisor intelligences fought desperately for sanity against the overwhelming flood of mad mental vibrations that beat upon their laboring brains. Something had to be done! They must flee, and that quickly, First Supervisory Intelligence decided, or else they would all die of madness. Even First Supervisory Intelligence's mighty mind was reeling and strange ideas would come to it in unguarded moments.

The combined will-powers of the three supervisory intelligences strove to subjugate and control the wandering minds of their coordinating intelligences and to force them back to their duties, in order that the craft might take off and leave this madhouse of a world. What a battle it was! The surrounding space seemed warped and bent by the tremendous metal forces emitted by these three titanic minds; even the bedlam from outside of the ship was occasionally drowned out by the great thought vibrations they emitted. Little by little the fight was won, and one by one, the coordinating intelligences were brought under control and lent their aid.

The machines were finally started and, jerkily and uncertainly, the great space-craft arose from the ground and left the atmosphere. Once outside of the planet's atmosphere air-blanket, the bedlam died out and a few thousand miles out in space, absolute mental peace prevailed.

One coordinating intelligence and several of the specialized intelligences had been destroyed, either by themselves or by others, and several more specialized intelligences were hopelessly and completely insane and had to be destroyed by the coordinating intelligences. But the majority speedily recovered their reason and resumed their duties.

Far to the rear the accursed yellow star and its mad world receded in the distance. The intelligences were leaving the crazy system forever, to seek a more suitable home of some fairer star.

THE END

**In a CEREMONY of the damned the  
ackermonger loses his head!**

# CEREMONY

In his 44th film appearance, Forry Ackerman, who has been everything from the President of the United States (*AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON*) to the Curator of the Last museum on Earth after World War 3 has destroyed civilization (*AFTERMATH*), faces his greatest acting challenge (greater than holding his breath for half an eternity, playing dead in *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN*) portraying Antonio Brindisi, 73 year old (Forry is 77) devout Catholic (Forry is a devout secular humanist) in the costarring role in *CEREMONY*.

"Scarymony" is more like it, says Forry. "A huge preternatural python is featured in one scare-raising scene and for the first time I either get my head blown off or all sorts of horrible things happen to it— at presstime it hadn't been decided just what will happen to me in the film's hair-raising nightmare sequence. But for the special effect, I've had to have a lifemask made of me for about the 5th time in my life— Ray Harryhausen having been the first to plaster me, back in 1941."

Vincent Price was originally sought for the role of the wheelchair-bound patriarch but was unable to accept. "For years people have been remarking I look a lot like Vincent Price, so at last the producers have hired 'The poor man's Vincent Price'. They get me for half-Price. All joking aside, it's an honor to replace this veteran star and I hope I do him justice."

Director Joe Castro follows in the footsteps of Joe Dante, John Landis and a half-a-dozen other FM fans who rose from the ranks to become professional filmmakers.

Forry's daughter is played by Emilie Talbot (the secret daughter of Larry Talbot, the Wolf Man?) whose ambition is to become another Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn or Bette Davis. "I want to act till my dying day", she tells FM. If she continues roles in horror films, she may act beyond her dying day!

A mysterious clockwork device plays a pivotal part in the picture and is still intact at the end of the film, imprisoning a ravaging supernatural menace. And "Uncle Forry" is still alive, too. So— who knows?— perhaps *THE FINAL CEREMONY*?



# ERIK'S MAD PASSION GONE

prince sirki claims  
mary philbin

THE PHANTOM was Erik (as immortalized by the one & only, the original and never surpassed LON CHANEY) in the 1925 silent classic THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. He died for the love of Christine, (forever crystallized in the beautiful face of MARY PHILBIN), who broke his heart because of his "accursed ugliness" and because she loved another.

And Prince Sirki? He was Death Incarnate (as portrayed by Fredric March) in the supernatural

classic of 1934, DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. In the pages of Famous Monsters he has been immortalized as one by one he has beckoned Boris Karloff, John Carradine, Lon Chaney Jr., Elsa Lanchester, Lionel Atwill, Jack Pierce and other imagi-movie greats to the astral plane.

Now we can think of Mary Philbin, born in 1903, having a reunion with Lon Chaney Sr., and with Conrad Veidt with whom she costarred in THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. Arms around you, Mary.





The Late Mary Philbin embraces the even later Conrad Veidt long long ago in 1927 in **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS**, now fortunately available on videocassette.

The moment of truth! Mary pulls the mask from Erik, her phantom admirer in **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** (Universal, 1925)



# LON CHANEY SHALL NOT DIE!



Sixty-six years ago a camera shutter clicked and recorded for all time another remarkable moment in the film career of the master of mimicry, Lon Chaney. Born of deaf/mute parents, Chaney was a driven man and a champion of the afflicted, often portraying those outcast by a cruel and unsympathetic society. Here, as an armless man in Tod Browning's *THE UNKNOWN* (1927), he pours a bottle of wine with his feet.

# the. **WIZARD** of **ahs!**



**inside the  
cabinet of  
dr.acula!**





King Kong Konnoisseur, Forrest J Ackerman, with master monster model maker Marcel (KING KONG, THE LOST WORLD) Delgado.

Forrest J(ames) Ackerman—the very mention of the name to anyone who has been around science fiction, fantasy or horror arena for even a short period, brings an instant and usually highly charged emotional response. Some say “Ackerman. Ah!” Some say “Ackerman. Bah!” But rarely (if ever) do you hear “Ackerman. Who?” Be he praised or panned, revered or revoked, there’s no denying the influence this individual has had on a subject which has, for him, grown from an interest to a passion to a legacy. Last issue we discussed his background, his achievements and ack-compliments. This installment, we’ve decided to turn the pen over to him and let him tell you a few of his personal “quirks”. So, take it away, Forrija —(publisher)

## the sci-fi guy

My name is Forry Ackerman. I live science fiction. (So what else is new?) For 25 years, I’d written to a publishing formula to “make 12 1/2-year-old readers laugh”. Have I regrets for doing it that way? Not in the least. I’m proud that my influences have made it possible for a generation to share my love for my favorite fiends and to have grown up with an appreciation of wonders they might otherwise have missed. I’m proud of the roster of readers who were able to make good their talents and contribute to the genre: Steven Spielberg, John Landis, Joe Dante, Stephen King, Jim Danforth, George Lucas, and so many others. Now, after a 10 year hiatus, no longer in simple “employee”

status, but in collaboration with my new publisher, also an FM alumni of the early years, I find myself back on the box, singing to a new generation (and welcoming back many of you from Class of Ackerman’s High). Here in this reincarnated FAMOUS MONSTERS (or the Undead FAMOUS MONSTERS, as one reader put it) I finally have the opportunity to bring you not only great fantasy films but great fantasy, period. Books, art, all the treasures I discovered (and have yet to discover) in the fantastic country I call the Imagination. But, so ye may better know from whence (or whence) I speak, I offer these—

## amusing muses

Despite a lifetime of writing about ghosts, ghouls, goblins, gnomes, koholds, vampires, zombies, politicians, wizards, witches, warlocks, Prince Sirki, life after death, reincarnation, fairies, dragons, the Devil, flying saucers and assorted monsters I don’t believe in any of them. (Well, among monsters, maybe politicians and career militarists.) I don’t believe in astrology, Tarot cards, psychics, seances, palmistry, fortune tellers, organized religion, censors, drugs, anti-abortionists, discrimination against gays/blacks/browns/yellows/reds/polkadots/Jews (my wife of 41 years till she lost her life as an aftermath of a mugging was Jewish; and I have for all my years embraced everyone I’ve met on an individual basis—there’s no room for blind prejudices in my Brave New World); I was against



Now on display at the Museum of the Moving Image in London, Mighty Joe Young was a resident of the Ackermanison for many years.

With Yvette Vickers (ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN)



our involvement in Vietnam when it was not popular to do so; I dislike the commercial practice of praising one's product by knocking another; I don't like Madonna-bashers, "gorror" films (thanks for creating the term, Randy Palmer); don't approve of religion per se, having been a secular humanist for 62 years of my life without ever performing a criminal act because of fear of punishment by a Higher Power in which I have no faith but simply because I believe in being a decent human being for humanity's sake.

As a spry 77 now, if I could start my life over, there are certain things I would incorporate into it. I would like to:

—Learn sign language so I could readily communicate with deaf people.

—Learn Morse code. I can't say exactly why as it doesn't seem to me there's much use for it in the world anymore.

—Learn lipreading. It would be fun to see what they were saying in silent pictures and to understand talking pictures better when sometimes you can't comprehend what the actors are saying.

Out of the 2000 languages on this Earth, I would like to know French, German, Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Czech, Hungarian and Finnish. I wouldn't want to spend the time learning them; I'd just want to attach a hypnoscopescope to my head when I go to sleep and wake up the next morning knowing one of them.

I'd like to know shorthand. I was on the way to



Forry and Fritz Lang, the mastermind of METROPOLIS

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Forry reviews some notes with NY TV host Joe Franklin before his appearance on **DOWN MEMORY LANE** in 1962. Forry was scheduled for a 10 minute segment and wound up doing **50% of the whole hour!**

With pioneer sf author Isaac Asimov in New York on the occasion of Forry's 75th Birthday.



mastering Gregg (or was it Pitman?) in highschool when I graduated at 15 and never became proficient.

I'd like to develop artistic ability if I have any. (Ah, to discover myself another Paul, Finlay, Bok, Barr, Dold, Wesso, Brundage, St. John, Vallejo, Freas, Frazetta or Olivia. I'd even be content to be a consummate copyist like Brzezinski, Galentine or Astin.)

I'd like to be able to dance in a dozen different modes.

I'd like to learn to drive at 16 rather than 32.

I'd like to learn a lot of magic tricks.

I'd like to do whatever it takes to have an incredible memory.

I'd like to be a powerful hypnotist.

I'd like the ability to cloud men's minds...to leap over tall buildings...to edit a magazine like **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**... Wait a minute, we're getting out of the realm of the possible into the ridiculous, now.

## my pen names

(Names used while I was in the Pen) See how many you recognize from the first 191 issue of **FM**— 4sj, Eeee, Ralph 124E41, DM-92, Weaver Wright, Spencer Strong, Jack Erman, Jacques de Forest Erman, Fisher Trentworth, Morris & Norris Chapnick, Allis Vilette, Allis Kerlay, Clair Helding, Claire Voyant, Katarin Markov Merrit, Laurajean Ermayne, Karlton Torgosi, Vespertina Torgosi, Graef Onrig, Erdstelulov, Alden Lorraine, Fojak, J. C. Lark, Stone T. Farmington, Bobby

Benson, Mirta Forsto (the Forsto half; the other half Myrtle R. Douglas— "Morajo"), Efsay, Forijay, S.F. Balhoa, Hubert George Wells, The Ackermmonster, Stran GaPersono, Owen & Seena Nader, A. Kvazau Virlup, A. DeFout Katolique, J. Forester Eckman, Pharaoh J. Ankh-er-man, "Farwest", Forry Rhodan, Terri Abrahms, Richard Carnell, Damon Wright, Chon Graystark, Silvestre Aldeano, Les Angeleno, Walter Chinwell, Carl F. Burke, Dr. Acula, Robert Wright (FJA + Robert A.W. Lowandes)...and it's just gotta be that I've forgotten some. (Coll Kapec & Sylvius Agricola, for instance!)

Check the update edition 10 years from now for overlooked nondeplumes & new ones.

What's that? Oh.

I anticipate your inevitable question.

Why so many pseudonyms?

What makes you think I know!

(Names I created for others: Morajo, Vodoso, Alojjo, Sedepl, Pogo, Covonjo, Tohojo, Waverly, Vampirella, Draculina, Wendayne Mondelle, Kris Darkon, Marjii Ellers, Rujablu, Garret Ford, "Dublin", "Sleeveheart", "Poquito Mosquito", Trina Petit, "Dr Donaldi" [Don Wollheim], "Dr. Ronaldi" [Ron Hubbard], Erick Freyor [Fred Shroyer], Bert Ahearne [Albert Hernhuter], H.E. Verret [E. Everett Evans], Miela Koso [Doc Smith's daughter "Honey"], "Thomas Lad" [Naomi Gordon], Alicia Aria [Tigrina] & Brigitte Bardot.\*

\* I lied about one of the Forry-going names.

## ackermanese

I am no longer as fanatic as I once was about simplifying the English language but do still favor such forms, particularly in my personal correspondence, as tho, thru, thot, thoro, catalog, monolog, dialog, vodvil, pastime, lastime, nextime, shortime, cd, wd, shd, goodhy, filmmaker, filmaterial, filmonster, scientifilm, scientification, ghostories, foto, etc.

I have never gotten used to the forms "huses" & "kidnaping" and suspect they gained usage thru ignorance. Ahuses, excuses, fuses, Muses, ruses & uses universally have a "you" sound, so that to my eyes "huses" looks like it shd be pronounced "ahuses" with the "a" left off and more than one hus shd he husses, a la fusses & musses. Right? Ever thot about it?

And you wdn't be caught napping, wd you, spelling that word "napping"? So why "kidnaping"?

I wonder if eventually, influenced by constant street signs saying DONT WALK (without an apostrophe), a new generation of streetwalkers (somehow that doesn't seem right) will evolve into spelling don't shan't, mustn't, didn't, etc. without the apostrophe, retaining them only for can't and won't which otherwise cd be confused with cant & wont.

I'm very interested in the derivation of words and am always asking questions like "Cobweb— what does the 'col' refer to?" and learning that in Middle English a spider was called a coepe.

But why do we say only "lukewarm" and never "lukecold"?

And why have so many meanings become attached to some single sounds? My mind is made up. I don't mind (care). Mind me (obey). Mind you, I don't care (he aware). I mined the ore. It's enuf to croggle the mind!

And who in their right mind makes up a word like floccinaucinhiplification? (And I have to proofread this!) I mean, out of millions of people on the planet at the time, what single human wakes up one morning (or lies awake at night) and finds a need to express him/herself with a word like flocci- well, I ain't gonna facerate the linotypist's eyeballs twice with that one!



Sgt. Ack-Ack tries to look busy. Realizing no one would know the difference, Ack's editor told him it was OK to "make up" newstories for the GI Journal. Was Forry the inspirator of modern day tabloids like "The Globe"?

Home on the range with Glenn Strange.





Forry with Carroll (MARK OF THE VAMPIRE) Borland and her daughter.

Forry and Bobbie Bresee mug for the camera during the taping of Dynacomm's HOORAY FOR HORRORWOOD.





Ferry takes a test drive aboard George Pal's Time Machine, at the home of fellow sci-fi collector Bob Burns, for a segment in FORREST J ACKERMAN'S AMAZING WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY videocassette.

## things my teachers taught me

[that I don't believe]. That you can not speak of, say, an "intriguing" woman or an "intriguing" book unless you mean the lady's a spy or the book is about, say, international espionage. Wendayne (the late Mrs. Ackermomster), for instance, wasn't a spy, but I found her to be an intriguing female for close to 45 years.

-That there ain't no "ain't" in the English dictionary.

-That blue & green are an impossible, clashing color combination.

-That by the time I'm 20 I'd outgrow Edgar Rice Burroughs, recognize him as trash and come to appreciate Shakespeare.

-That all numbers up to 10 shd be written out when writing a sentence. What's the matter with, for example, "He watched them as, 2 by 2, the 4 couples entered the 8 lifeboats and rowed 10 miles to the shore?"

-That things must be punctuated like this: I enjoyed the books "The Black Flame," "To Walk the Night," and "Rendezvous with Rama."

-That the truth shall make you free.

## words that echo in my mind

"That's all there is to life, folks, a little laugh, a little tear" --Prof. Echo (Lon Chaney as the philosophical ventriloquist at the end of THE UNHOLY 3.) I hope The Unholy 4c has provided you with a little laugh; you're on your own for the tears.

Ferry in make-up as the original spider-man, Mr. Renfield. This is the photo that was the basis for our number 200 cover painting.





Ya can't keep a gill-man down. Old Blacky Lagoon's been waiting patiently for his chance to resurface in the home video market.



# drown by the ol' gill stream

**The denizen from the deep  
returns to wreak revenge as  
he walks among us again!**

## **born for the movies**

THE GILL MAN was one of the last great generic film monsters. Under the expert direction of the late Jack Arnold, he emerged from the Black Lagoon 40 years ago come 1994. He first came, dripping wet, over the side of a ship and into audiences' laps in 3D, three-dimensional projection with blue/red glasses, a process little seen in latter years but brought to perfection at Disneyland in the CAPTAIN EO spectacle with the

miraculous dancer Michael Jackson popping out of the gigantic screen via polaroid glasses.

## **terror grips city!**

"Monster Escapes!" read the headlines. The newspaper story continued: "Police and Civil Defense Units in 13 States have combined forces in a search for the weird Gill Man who, after slaying an attendant, disappeared into the night. Authorities have expressed grave fear for



**Blacky isn't too happy about the free trip to Florida these bounty hunters are offering. This guy's about to find out first claw how Blacky managed to survive all those hundreds of thousands of years.**

the safety of lovely scientist." The lovely scientist was portrayed by Lori Nelson, perhaps best-remembered for her role as Louise Maddison at the mercy of the 3-eyed mutant in **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED**, 1956. Lovely Lori was just 23 years old at the time. Today she would be 60, and we bet she's still glamorous. Lori, if perchance this article comes to your attention, how about contacting the Editor? Bet you still have loads of fans who would like to see you at the **FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION** next November (1994).

## didn't kong teach them anything?

After being captured in the darkest depths of the mysterious Amazon jungle, the Creature is brought back to civilization a la King Kong. In Ocean Harbor he is exhibited in a special tank.

Clete Ferguson (John Agar), a young professor of animal psychology, and Helen Dobson (Lori Nelson), a graduate of ichthyology (a natural for a remake with today's Brinke Stevens, who actually is a marine scientist) together study the creature and in the process a romance develops between the young couple. Helen assists Clete in experiments to determine the mental capacity of the amphibian.

## the missing link

'Blacky', who has perhaps seen **KING KONG**, reluctantly tugs at his chains and one day a link breaks.

The monster is loose!

One of his captors and an attendant meet their demise at his claws, crushed to death like puppets.

Blacky heads for a nearby river and disappears in its waters. Every attempt to recapture him is unsuccessful as with animal-like cunning he eludes his pursuers. Little does Helen realize that, like Ann Darrow and King Kong, she is the object of Blacky's affection and he does not stray far from her vicinity.

## beauty & the beast

One evening while she is dancing in a Florida night club with Clete, the creature emerges from the water, sends patrons screaming in terror as he invades the cafe, snatches Helen from the arms of Clete and makes off with her fainting body.

Pursuit follows.

In a glare of searchlights, the creature is cornered on a nearby beach.

Clete succeeds in getting Blacky to release Helen, who falls on the sand as the hunters chase the creature into the water. Once he's in the sea, the hunters, who have been withholding their fire for fear of hitting Helen, let loose a barrage of bullets.

Blacky is wounded! But he has no Empire State to topple from. Instead, he dives deep into the ocean... ready to emerge in the sequel which concludes the trilogy.

## "he went for a little walk"

You haven't lived until you've heard the late Bramwell Fletcher deliver those chilling lines in **THE MUMMY**. But in 1956 that's exactly what Blacky did, he walked among humanity in **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US** (78 minutes, Universal).

A few weeks following the events of REVENGE, William Barton (Jeff Morrow of Exeter fame in THIS ISLAND EARTH) is tooling down the boulevard in a sports car with his wife Marcia (Leigh Snowden). Scientist Barton takes her to a huge yacht where they meet a group preparing to head for the Everglades in search of the Gill Man.

## "i stabbed at...something"

In the Everglades the group meets an alligator hunter who tells them he was out shooting for a living when something half man, half fish, reared from a canal and he attacked it. That's all the clue the group needs. With aqualungs & sonar they dive under water.

Suddenly, out of a hidden shoal, the creature emerges to spy on these intruders.

Marcia (foolish girl) has joined the hunters and succumbs to the phenomenon known as "the rapture of the deep", an underwater occurrence where too much nitrogen is pumped into the blood and a person literally becomes "drunk". However, before any harm can come to her she is rescued and they head back to the boat, with the Gill Man following unseen at a safe distance.

## a blip named blacky

That night the ship's sonar reveals a sinister blip. It grows larger. Suddenly the Creature leaps out of the water and onto the prow of the yacht, tearing the searchlight half off its post. As the crew shoots spearguns at Blacky, he grabs a can of gasoline. The lid falls off and gasoline engulfs the Gill Man. A quick-thinking man fires a Very pistol at the creature and he ignites like a walking torch, very much like the vampire at the pyrotechnical conclusion of INNOCENT BLOOD.

With a bloodcurdling roar of pain, Blacky leaps into the water.

But relief is short-lived for the humans as suddenly the boat is half-lifted out of the water by the furious creature and everyone is thrown overboard.

## saved by the drug

As the group stands hip-deep in the cold waters, the Gill Man is discerned a few yards away, uprooting a tree trunk with the intent of smashing the boat and then tearing the men to shreds.

But suddenly the monster begins to weave from side to side.

He drops the log

Collapses on top of it.

Rotonon has taken effect!

Rotonon? A drug used by fishermen to knock out fish (hey, no fair!), fired during an earlier fracas with the fish-man.

## blacky gets the third degree

Examining the unconscious creature, it is found that he is covered with third degree burns and his gills are damaged. A hasty operation is indicated. His scales are removed and he becomes a land-breathing creature that can never return to water or he will drown.

Makeshift clothing is made for him from sail-cloth and his head is wrapped in bandages.

Eventually the time comes when it is decided it's time to remove the bandages.

First the hands: they appear almost human, except



"Scratch a little more to the right," says Blacky. Marine attendant, always glad to oblige, gets into the spear-it of the thing.

Scientists at the Florida Marine Institute help Blacky learn the ropes. "C'mon guys, stop stringing me along. What do ya say we just skip this rope business?" (REVENGE OF THE CREATURE, Universal 1955)





Scientists remark at the "fleshy" skin exposed after the intense scalding Blacky got from the kerosene. Things went from bad to worse for Blacky as the sequels went on. For this picture he didn't even get scale!

John Bromfield drags the Creature through the water in the marine holding tank in an effort to revive him from the effects of the knock-out drug, by forcing water over the capillaries in his gills, as is done to revive other species of fish.



for the webs between the fingers. When the wrappings are removed from the face it is revealed to be part human, part fish.

The sea-thing is in a sort of trance but Barton is determined not to let him loose because of his reputation of viciousness. But Dr. Morgan, who specializes in psychiatry and animals, believes it is because men attacked him first that he has become a killer.

## stirring action

One night the creature stirs. He breaks his straps and heads for the side of the boat, his instincts making him head for the water, unaware it would mean his death. He lumbers into the library where Marcia is relaxing, then stumbles on. He leaps over the side of the bow as the men come running after him.

As the creature swims toward the bottom of the ocean, his injured gills cause him to choke and sputter. Morgan dives into the water with an air hose and rescues the Gill Man, who seems to understand and appreciate his effort. Morgan gets him back on the boat and again locks him in the room.

## of research & murder

The next day the fish-man is put in a truck and driven to Barton's ranch which serves as a research center. The thing's new home is an open enclosure fenced in next to animals, mostly sheep. Barton wants to test if Blacky can refrain from killing. Morgan is confident his theory of kindness has been reciprocated.

But Blacky is near a pool and that old urge to return to his native element, the water, surges up in him. One night he sees Marcia swimming and then Grant, their original guide into the creature's domain, make a pass at Marcia. Husband Barton also observes the pass and is inflamed with uncontrollable jealousy. He formulates a plan for murder.

Later, the animals are panicked by the sight of a mountain lion about to attack. The Creature too is panicked, torn between what Morgan has taught him about not killing versus his natural instinct to defend himself.

The lion springs and Blacky reacts, killing the predator.

## unleashed fury

The Creature is now aroused to a frenzy. When he witnesses Barton ambush Grant and beat him to death, his primal nature focuses its hatred on Barton and he tries to tear his cage apart as Barton heads for the house.

The sea-thing breaks loose, knocks aside a guard and smashes into the house in pursuit of Barton. He finally corners Barton on the porch...grabs him...lifts him high in the air...and hurls him 3 storeys to his death.

Then he stumbles downstairs and heads for the sea.

Guards appear, shoot and wound him mortally, but he has enough strength to charge them and knock them aside, then vanishes toward the coast.

Later Morgan and Marcia are informed by the police chief that the creature has been sighted heading for the ocean. Morgan and Marcia know he is dying and making for his home.

Last Scene of All: The moribund Gill Man, his life's blood slowly oozing from his body, stands amidst wave-washed rocks. The pounding of the surf stirs primordial memories in his sea-born body.

He staggers toward the sea in his dying effort to reach his final resting place.



"C'mon in! The water's mine!",

**THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US, then he heads back to the water after having been burned, poked and shot by his human hosts.**



The dramatic end to **THE CREATURE WALKS  
AMONG US** (Universal 1956). Will he ever make  
it back to the giant screen? We'll see-quel.



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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

# EYE-TRACTIONS OF THE ACKERMUSEUM!

rare treats from the halls of monster central!

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

For Forrest Ackema  
from  
"The Bride of Frankenstein"



**T**HE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN herself—the immortal Elsa Lanchester—drew this caricature of herself in the British First Edition of the novelization of the famous film sequel to FRANKENSTEIN. Often overlooked (among the 262 editions of the book on display) by visitors to the Ackermuseum, we show it to you here close up.

*Coming Next Issue:* The First Edition of "Dracula" inscribed by Author Bram Stoker, Dracula #1 Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price and numerous other stellar personalities associated with the film.

# RETURN OF THE KILLER B's

**universal releases a new group  
of long-sought-after titles!**

**the publisher speaks**

**G**ood noose for classic horror fans! The folks at Universal Home Video have released several of the most sought-after titles from their classic films vault. Long available only as "bootlegs" or "off-the-air" copies, these films have been expertly restored and transferred to video via state-of-the-art digital technology. The quality of these tapes is nothing short of excellent! The images are crisp and clean, making these old favorites appear as if they'd been filmed yesterday instead of yesteryear.





New releases from Universal were well worth the wait. The digitally mastered videos are of excellent quality and affordably priced.

Titles include the two long awaited sequels to the Creature trilogy *THE REVENGE OF THE CREATURE* and *THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US* (see overview on page 64--ed.). Other titles are *HOUSE OF DRACULA*, starring John Carradine, Lon Chaney Jr., Glenn Strange, Martha O'Driscoll, Lionel Atwill and Onslow Stevens, the three instalments of Lon Chaney's reign as Kharis, the tana leaf junkie in *THE MUMMY'S GHOST*, *THE MUMMY'S TOMB*, *THE MUMMY'S CURSE*, Curt Siodmak's *THE INVISIBLE WOMAN*, *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* (Lon Chaney's stint as the monster), *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*, *THE BLACK CAT* with Karloff & Lugosi (an excellent drama), *THE INVISIBLE RAY* (ditto), and Charles Laughton's memorable portrayal as the infamous Dr. Moreau on *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*. (Laughton: "What is the Law?" Lugosi: "Not to walk on all fours. Are we not men?") Watch these pages for exclusive FM filmhooks on these favorites!

Each of these titles is available for only \$14.98 (manufacturer's suggested retail) and can be found at most Blockbuster Video, Sam Goody and Suncoast Motion Picture outlets as well as most other video stores.

## castle dwellers

Add these titles to those already in general re-release (the entire series is sold under the "Universal Studios Monster Collection") and you have a childhood dream come true. Older readers will no doubt remember the days when nothing would get you out of the house on a day when one of these films was being shown on TV. Like the original era of their theatrical releases, when these films first aired on television, you never knew when, or if, they'd run again. Since you learned of the existence of a lot of these films from the pages of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, the airing of a previously unseen title was like a ray of full moonshine in an otherwise dark and dismal sky. Younger audiences may find

it hard to understand the excitement over the availability of these videos (doesn't every film wind up on the video shelves?), but, in the 60's the closest one could come to experiencing a screening of these films was courtesy of Castle Films. A full length feature was released in 8mm, silent (with title cards inserted to suggest the dialogue) and featured the horrific high-lights in a 2 1/2 minute version! (If you had a profitable lawn-mowing business or newspaper route, you might be able to scratch up enough cash to afford the 200 foot reel-- a full 10 minutes of monsters!) How many huddling filmmakers threw their old Wollensack projectors into "still" mode to study the detail of a scene, only to watch in horror as the frame burned up before their very eyes from the heat of the projection lamp! (This was a real kick if you happened to be holding a frame from, say, the conclusion of *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*, thereby watching a grand performance of Glenn Strange's fiery finale on the dock.)

## the ghoulden days

The plots of some of these films (particularly the "Mummy" sequels) are admittedly silly, but no more so than any "B" films from that age of Hollywood productions. In spite of their obvious plot inadequacies, the strength of these pictures lies in the marvelous "character" performances, atmospheric lighting and grandiose sets, something which modern films, with the exception of Coppola's recent *DRACULA*, (a film which this writer feels falls short in creating true Gothic fantasy through its characterizations, but does succeed in its overall production design) fail to incorporate. For me, at least, a film experience (in any genre) is only enhanced when it forgoes an attempt to recreate reality in 2 dimensions in favor of using character, scenic and lighting techniques to achieve its goal, much the same way a live theatrical experience seduces the audience through "formula" character interpretation, lighting



and set design. I don't believe it is necessary (or particularly desirable) to portray graphic reality on the screen, the audience being much better served by being drawn into the world of the film, rather than the film looking for acceptance in the "real" world.

## little boy lost

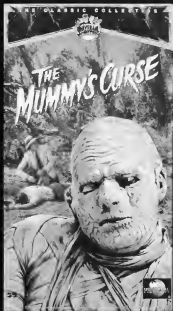
I'm reminded of attending a screening of Ray Harryhausen's last film *THE CLASH OF THE TITANS*. Having seen a good deal of his pictures in their first theatrical release (beginning with *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* at Radio City Music Hall in New York), I was delighted with the opportunity to see a new adventure. It was a cold, wet Winter's evening, so only a handful of patrons were at the showing. A young mother had taken her two sons, who were about 10 years of age. About halfway through the film, just after Perseus beheads Medusa, (the entire Medusa sequence being what I feel is a marvel of atmospheric horror) one of the boys exclaimed outloud how fake it all looked. "That doesn't look like real blood at all!" he remarked. At that moment, bow my heart ached for that boy. So conditioned by modern effects, he was unable to accept the personality that permeated Medusa's character, seeing only the physical manifestations of the action. I questioned myself for a moment. Was I enthralled simply because the film had been made by a hero of mine? Because I'd grown up with a less realistic-looking standard of effects? No! I was enthralled because Harryhausen's models lived! They had personality! They could be loved or hated because of their virtues. The filmmaker's techniques didn't dilute the emotional experience, they enhanced it! Nor was my enjoyment of empathy with the little pieces of metal and rubber or the flesh and blood characters they interacted with exclusive to Harryhausen. O'Brien's *KING KONG* had it. Karloff's *FRANKENSTEIN* had it. So did Lugosi's *DRACULA*, Chaney's phantom, and hundreds of others. They had me in sync with their personalities (something which can not be said of a majority of modern day characters, be they mechanical or human.) It was the joy that came from entering an alternate world where the drama emanated from characters who existed half on the screen and half in my imagination. A completely stylized environment so removed from the realities I knew outside the theater, that it was as familiar and welcome as the worlds I created each night in my dreams.

## english spoken here

And while sometimes "corny", the dialogue in these old gems is nonetheless memorable, written to move the story along while utilizing the richness of expression that is unique to the English language. (It amazes me that many older films are a good deal shorter in running time than today's films considering that, in the old days an actor enraged might take a good three minutes to express his anger in a running monologue, while today the same feelings will be summed up in just four letters!)

Such is the magic of these "B's" from Horrorwood's ghouliden years. For those lucky enough to be able to cast aside the standard of sophistication modern society has infected upon us, these films are a welcome departure from the burden of enlightened living.

I can only hope that someday these films will see a wider renaissance on theater screens with all their glorious black & white detail sprawled out before my inquisitive eyes. I always have the strangest feeling that, while keeping a still frame up on my VCR to study a detail, my TV screen will suddenly burst into flame.



# KING KARLOFF



## THE BENIGN

**C**HARISMATIC KARLOFF strikes a pensive pose in Columbia's 1940 62-minute scientific film **BEFORE I HANG**, the story of a serum that returned Karloff to life with an unpleasant side effect of making him maniacal. Also in the cast were Evelyn Keyes, Pedro de Cordoba (**THE DEVIL DOLL**) and Bruce "Tarzan" Bennett (**THE COSMIC MAN**).

# HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

## 12 of 'em!

**W**e would like to forward Congratulations to all 12 of our Birthday Celebrants but unfortunately we can't. Claude Rains, Victor Jory, Dean Jagger, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Boris Karloff—they've all gone to join Prince Sirki in that great Imagi-Movie Con in the sky. But Boris Karloff's daughter Sara is very much alive and well and we can also forward birthday wishes to Rex Reason and Francis Lederer so send your cards for forwarding to: Burt Daye, c/o Famous Monsters of Filmland, POB 9669, N. Hollywood, CA 91609. No charge; a special service for readers of FAMOUS MONSTERS.



JOHN KERR  
Nov. 15  
THE PIT & THE PENDULUM



CLAUDE RAINS  
Nov. 10 THE MAN WHO  
RECLAIMED HIS HEAD



DEAN JAGGER  
Nov. 7  
X THE UNKNOWN



REX REASON  
Nov. 30 THE CREATURE  
WALKS AMONG US



KIM "KIRA" HUNTER  
Nov. 12  
PLANET OF THE APES



VICTOR JORY  
Nov. 25 THE MAN  
WHO TURNED TO STONE



BORIS & SARA KARLOFF  
Nov. 23 FRANKENSTEIN  
& DAUGHTER



MARSHALL THOMPSON  
Nov. 27 THE TERROR  
FROM BEYOND SPACE



ROBERT ARMSTRONG  
Nov. 20  
"CARL DENHAM"



MICHAEL GOUGH  
Nov. 23  
KONGA



FRANCIS LEDERER  
Nov. 6  
TERROR IS A MAN



JOEL MCCREA  
Nov. 5 THE MOST  
DANGEROUS GAME

# YOU AXED FOR IT!

Week after week, month after month, year after year, the requests poured in. Old Dr.acula could never hope to fill 'em all, but here's a chance to get your request in. If there's some fiendish or fantastic foto YOU would like to see, address your request to: FAMOUS MONSTERS, Dept. 201UX4, POB 9669, N. Hollywood, CA 91609

"I don't know whether such a still exists or not but if it does I'd sure like to see a picture of the Night Hob riding his bat to the Ivory Tower to ask the Empress who will save the magical land of Fantasia from the destructive forces known as The Nothing in THE NEVERENDING STORY", says Herbert Haeussler. Wow! As the prisoner said to the judge who gave him life, "That's a long sentence!" Here, Herbert, is exactly what the doctor ordered.





**NATHAN HIND** would like to see a picture of **HAYDEN ROURKE** as he appeared in **WILLIAM CASTLE'S** 1964 production of **ROBERT BLOCH'S THE NIGHT WALKER**. Ask and ye shall receive, is Axel's motto.

**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**



Everybody's Favorite Monster Master **PETER CUSHING** playing puppet master in **FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**. (Warner Bros, 1973) Shown for **DENNIS BILLOWS**



**THE OGRE** (Jean-Pierre Marielle) from a 1972 French version of **TOM THUMB**. Thumbs up! for **JEAN-CLAUDE ROMER**.

Young **JACK THEAKSTON**, this foto from **LITAN**, that enchanted fantasy, is just for you. However, If you wish to be generous you can let other readers of **FM** enjoy it. Bet you'd give an Eck of a lot to have played one of the 8 cotton-top kids in this scene. (Eck was the mischievous little spook who "made" the silent movie of 1922, **ONE GLORIOUS DAY**, and whom Jack resembles so remarkably when he makes himself up.)





"I just saw MEL GIBSON in **THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE** and somewhere in my past I seem to recall a man with a similar face. I know it wasn't **FACE OF FIRE** or **PETER LORRE** in **THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK**. Have you any idea what it could have been?" asks Senn Vizagho. Perhaps this scarface in Columbia's 1974 production **THE MUTATIONS?**

# HALLOWEEN WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

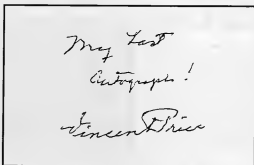
At the penultimate moment just days before this issue was put to press we have removed the Mystery Photo feature originally scheduled for this page (it will appear in the next issue) in order to recognize the loss of VINCENT PRICE, a Prince of Players, a Renaissance Man, together with Boris Karloff and Peter Cushing, in my opinion, one of the HOLY Three (as opposed to Lon Chaney's Unholy 3).

I am reliving the sad week following February 2 1969 till Sunday when tears flowed out of my telephone and mailbox because of the death of beloved Boris Karloff. At that time the readership of FM was mainly pre-teens and early teenagers and most had not yet experienced the death of anyone dear to them. So they turned to "Uncle Forry" to express their sorrow. Now, just a few days before Halloween, that generation of monster lovers, now in their 30's and 40's, are as adults repeating their bereavement over the loss of "St. Vincent". I do not elevate him to sainthood lightly or facetiously; in my relationship with him he was a real "mensch", a genuine HUMAN being. I was always amazed that

a star of his stature instead of having a secretary type a note signed by a rubber stamp, he always replied by hand.

The newspapers, radio and television will have been full of accounts by the time you read this of his 110 films, TV appearances, books he authored, his stature in the art world, the stageplays in which he

starred, his one-man shows, all of which we do not have room in this limited space to cover, but we are already at work on a 100-page, lavishly illustrated multi-authored tribute which will completely occupy the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS #203. (on sale in February '94). In that issue we'll not only expand upon the many facets of his life we've already covered in this issue and FM #200, but we'll offer a candid look at the es-



Vincent sent this note to Forry just a short time ago. We offer it here to you, his loyal fans, as a last keepsake.

sence of the MAN, as seen through the experiences of so many friends and coworkers who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance over the years.

What more can I say? I join you all in mourning the loss of this consummate artist and irreplaceable human being.

—Forry

# NOW! YOU CAN JOIN THE GRUESOME

**FORREST J ACKERMAN**

**FAMOUS  
MONSTERS  
OF FILMLAND**



## FAN CLUB!

HOW ACKERMONSTERISH ARE YOU? Do you get a thrill when you hear names like KARLOFF, LUGOSI, CHANEY? Do films like FRANKENSTEIN, THE WOLF MAN and THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAAGOON rank among your favorites? Do you want a ghou! just like the ghou! that harried dear old dad? Then you'll want to be a member of the official **FORREST J ACKERMAN FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND CLUB!** The club dedicated to the preservation of classic sci-fi, horror and fantasy! Let's keep the flame burning for the NEXT generation of fantasy lovers.

### HERE'S WHAT YOU GET AS A MEMBER:

An official CLUB PIN, MEMBERSHIP CARD and DISCOUNT COUPONS which will entitle you to savings of 10-20-30--up to 40% on selected magazines, trading cards, books, posters, photos, videos and more that you purchase from the FM CLUB catalog! PLUS notification of NEW PRODUCTS from Dynacomm's exclusive **FORREST J ACKERMAN FAMOUS MONSTERS COLLECTION**, including a chance to get the first copies of each new FMOF item hot off the presses! PLUS a members-only newsletter 4 times a year from MR. MONSTER himself--packed with his personal musings, including information on the whens and whereabouts of FJA. As an added bonus when you join, you receive an exclusive members-only autographed photo of Forry!

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\$19.95**

**CLIP OR XEROX THIS COUPON,  
AND MAIL IT IN TODAY!**

Make checks payable to DYNACOMM. Mail to:  
**FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB, P.O.B. 9589, N. Hollywood, CA 91609**

Dear Ack- I'm tired of losing my head (after all, I've only got two) trying to find the best in classic fantasy films, photos and info. Enroll me as a charter member in your fan club right away and send my membership card, pin and photo. I have enclosed a ☐ check ☐ Money Order for \$19.95 for my one year membership.

Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD.

Card Number  Exp. Date

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Checks allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Canadian orders add \$5 for extra postage. Overseas orders add \$10. Please send International Money Order payable in US Dollars only.

# THE FM ANSWER MAN

by  
**eric  
hoffman**



Once upon a midnight dreary, While I pondered weak & weary, Over many a quaint & curious tape To pop into my VCR. While I nodded, bored & grumpy, Came a sound of THUMP, THUMP, THUMP-IE, As of someone pounding, pounding, Pounding at my vaulted door. 'Twas the Ackermonger pounding With some questions in his claw, Saying with a grin so wicked, "You'll escape them, nevermore!"

SO, after 11 years in the salt mines of Transylvania (the assault mines, that is) I have returned to, er, stake my claim as the world's oldest living (?) Answer Man.

Our first question, courtesy of JOEY O'BRIEN and JIM MORROW, asks whether VINCENT PRICE appeared in another picture after his classic cameo in EDWARD SCISSORHANDS. The answer is both yes & no. The "no" was his guest appearance in BACKTRACK as a Mafia gang lord. Made in 1989, the film was only released in 1992. The "yes" was his guest role in the made-for-TNT "Screenworks" movie, THE HEART OF JUSTICE, telecast last February. His role was that of "Mr. Shaw", the last person to see Dennis Hopper's character alive.

JAN ERIC KWESCHUN wants to know, "How did THE SHE CREATURE die?" A reincarnated past self of hypnotized heroine Maria English, this scaly demon of the deeps simply faded away into ectoplasm after doing her deadly deeds, defying policemen's bullets and leaving her tracks in the sandy beach leading back to the ocean...and a sequel that never materialized.

A question that only an elderly Gojira fan should be able to answer comes from a youngster in the Land of the Rising Sun, TAKTETSU SHIBYANO: "Is the SON of GODZILLA named Minya or Tadzilla?" The miniature smoke-ring puffing offspring of the Big G is Minya who, after a decade away from the big screen, will be returning in a state-of-the-art spectacle called

GODZILLA VS. MECCHA-GODZILLA. "Tadzilla" is a Forryism, a small joke, as it were.

JONAS PETERS asks, "What was the name of that weird Australian-made horror film where a bunch of people got trapped in a Drive-In. I think it was by aliens." The film flashing across the theater screen of your mind is DEAD-END DRIVE-IN, an unusual "future chaos" tale in which the government comes up with its own method of dealing with delinquency and those who won't look for jobs or are crowding the welfare rolls. The "delinquenteens" wind up in a drive-in which becomes a civilization of its own with food provided by the authorities and Survival becomes the name of the game.

Several individuals (who have requested anonymity & political asylum) have asked whether ye venerable editor (do I get my fiver now, Forry?) (I'll give you five—five fingers right in the kisser!) appeared in the Jim Wynorski epic NIGHTY NIGHTMARE II, later changed to TOWER OF TERROR. Yep, ole Dr. Ackula had a guest appearance in the film as an expert on the occult who is expecting a potentially "haunting" shipment that doesn't arrive and which causes more than just trouble for the film's 4 harried heroines. For video release you'll find it at your cassette shop under the title HARD TO DIE.

Direct your questions to FAMOUS MONSTERS  
THE ANSWER MAN DEPT., POB 9669, N. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91609

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

# godzilla eyewitness gone.

**O**ne of filmland's best loved actors has passed from among us. Raymond Burr was best known to a generation of TV-nicks as ace defense lawyer Perry Mason. But to fantastic film fans he'll long be revered as American newspaper reporter Steve Martin, who brought the news of the rebirth of the mighty Gojira (as he is known in his native land) from the Sea of Japan to an incredulous world.

day, July 12, 1973 (so this is the 20th year since his demise) as I clearly reported in newspaper obits. Yes, such apocrypha adds spice to an actor's biography. Horror Star Dies on Friday the 13th! But I expect better from FM and Forry, so please, print the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but... (I can't keep every death date in my mind—Boris Karloff is the only one that's indelible: 2 February 1989. I don't remember when Lon Jr. died, I can only imagine I referred to some source I presumed to be reliable. Well, in Europe or Russia or Japan or somewhere it was probably already the next day. I have admitted I'm only human. Dates are one of the greatest nuisances besetting an editor: It is aggravating to have to stop every few minutes to check a date when you're pretty sure you already know it. —4E).

MAC

San Jose CO

- We appreciate letters of substance like the foregoing.

**WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE**



JEREMY JUSTICE (AGE 3)

**AN ENTHUSIASTIC 14 (AGE WE LIKE)**  
I am 14-years-old and read FM whenever I can afford to. I am so glad you do so many articles on classic Hollywood's horror factory, instead of those horrid, modern, blood films. I recently had the extreme pleasure of seeing Universal's great **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. I loved seeing greats like Karloff and J. Carroll Nash together. I also saw **THE BIG SLEEP**, a non-monster film altogether, but notable to horror-buffs because of the presence of greats J. Carrol and Elisha (ROSEMARY'S BABY, **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**) Cook Jr. (I was in the Army during World War 2 with Elisha and appeared in Nash's last film, **DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN**. 4E) Thank you for providing such a wonderful mag, filled with photos & information on one of the

cinema's grandest genres. As long as you're putting out fantastic monster-mags like FM, I'll be buying them!

JUSTIN HUMPHREY

Lynchburg VA

- Are we engaging in an exercise in futility? We think not. A modern youth has spoken—and we like what he says.

**MYSTERY SOLVED**

In reply to Joseph Anthony's query in #200 (why the self-destruct lever in **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**), I quote from the German/Prussian building code of the 1800s. It clearly states that, "...all mad scientist laboratories shall be equipped with one (1) all-purpose lever-operated explosive device of sufficient power to induce total destruction and/or annihilation." Where the good doctors Frankenstein and Pretorius went awry is by failing to follow the next portion of the code which says, "...said device must be clearly marked with a yellow and black cautionary sign which shall read, 'DANGER: ALL MONSTERS KEEP AWAY!'. A similar error was made by entertainment visionary Carl Denham, who forgot to post 'NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY ALLOWED' signs in the lobby of the theater where his mighty captive King Kong was displayed. A proper adherence to these local regulations might have altered the course of cinema history as we know it.

STEVEN THORNTON

LaSalle MI

- Steve, you have in one swell foop (pardon the dyslexia) earned leverage with all mad scientists with your revelation to the Imagi-Nation about the Mystery of the Omnipresent Lethal Lever. This egregious oversight should never happen again. (But place your bets, ladies & gentlemen—odds are 100 to 1 that it will happen again before this century's end.) Steven concluded, "Here's a hope that in the year 2058 we will all be able to attend the 100th anniversary of FM to be held on the planet Pluto. Forry Ackerman (the solar system's first living android)



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will be there to unveil FM #1000." Steven sent a separate missive called "One Fan's Odyssey", a 5-page single-spaced typewritten ode to the Convention, too long to publish here, but eminently worth reading. Members of the **FJA/FMOF FAN CLUB** will automatically see it in a future club newsletter. —4E (See page 84 for info on joining—pub)

**WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE**



KRISTINA HALLIND

**WELL-HEALED**

I am a happy, happily-married, gainfully-employed, full-rounded person, and I owe a fat slice of the thanks to you, Forry. I was 10-years-old and on the cusp of my awkward years and FM helped me during those difficult times to cultivate a healing aesthetic and one that continues to delight me more than two decades later. I do thank you for the gift of my imagination.

RICHARD HARLAND SMITH  
NYC

- I never know quite how to respond to such an appreciative expression as this. I don't think I can claim credit for giving you your imagination—I imagine a genie in your genes is responsible for that—but I'm happy to have nurtured it till it burgeoned into the full-blown asset that you have found it to be from your formative years on. Be a good villager and pass the torch on to some young person today in need of enlightenment, encouragement and self-esteem. —4E

**FANG GANG!**

Your reactions to this and future issues are earnestly solicited. Forry always has and always will read every letter personally to select those for publication. When Al Johnson sang he wanted the house lights turned up in the theater so he could see the faces; when 4E reads a letter he likes to know the person behind it, so be sure to include a snapshot of yourself if you can. Address your comments to:

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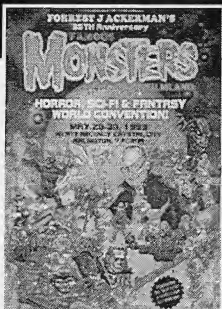
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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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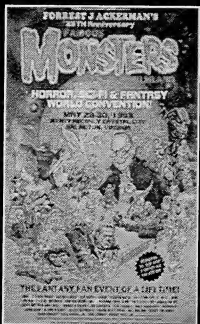
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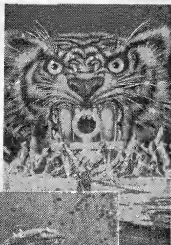
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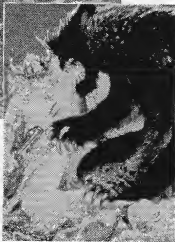
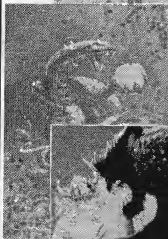
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